THE NATION

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McGovern's Uphill Race

THE ISSUES AND THE POLITICS IN THREE KEY STATES: Pennsylvania (*Ralph Z. Hallow*); Illinois (*Ralph Whitehead, Jr. & Joel Weisman*); Missouri (*Stephen Darst*)

CANADIAN MEDICARE

CAN WE USE A PLAN THAT GOOD?

A. Peter Ruderman

***Wallace Fowlie: Germaine Bree* / Camus and Sartre**

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LETTERS

Billy Rasputin

Alexandria, Va.

DEAR SIRS: Joseph A. Ruskay refers to the Rev. Billy Graham as a sort of "unofficial chaplain" to the White House family ["New Muzzle for Churchmen," *The Nation*, Oct. 2]. Chaplains generally are apologists and stool pigeons for the military. As a veteran, so it seemed to me during World War II. I prefer to think of Billy Graham as a Rasputin of the White House, an ersatz Christian giving aid and comfort to an ersatz Quaker. . . . *John C. Rogers*

government in shreds

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: At the height of the ITT scandal, the Administration ordered the shredding of all pertinent memoranda. A news item in the *Los Angeles Times* has just revealed that the Administration also directed the shredding of relevant documents when the Watergate scandal broke. At this very moment, one might conclude, the Administration is probably shredding data connected with the wheat-for-Russia scandal. This later, ongoing hanky-panky will henceforth be known as "The Shredded Wheat Serial."

Harry Cimring

tabulated rumor

Willow Grove, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: I am fed up with the public opinion pollsters, those seers of the computer who grant us their *ex cathedra* revelations nearly every day now. A fine situation for a democracy: one-millionth or two-millionths of the population speak for the whole! Common rumor is raised to respectability; idle speculation becomes scientific truth. . . . If he were alive today, John Stuart Mill would be driven to desperation; Henry David Thoreau would be nauseated. . . .

Then there is the implied *ad populorum* morality of the polls (e.g., 55 per cent approve bombing, therefore it is right). If pollthink is already here, can 1984 be far behind?

J. Hartman

imitating the Administration

Port Royal, Ky.

DEAR SIRS: Grateful as I am for the reporting of Robert Sherrill, I must say that I regret the German parentheses scattered through his article on the Watergate affair [*The Nation*, Sept. 25], the implications of which seem to me utterly loose and irresponsible. If the Watergate conspirators use such phrases themselves, or if there is something specifically and exclusively Germanic or Fascist about their activities, then Mr. Sherrill should say so plainly. Your indulgence of such cheap and oppressive insinuations (as if in imitation of the Nixon Administration) is disappointing.

Wendell Berry

Mexico's need

Euclid, Ohio

DEAR SIRS: The most meaningful section of Jim Hougan's essay on Mexico's counter-culture [*The Nation*, Sept. 25] is his implicit demonstration that the long accepted "economic miracle of Mexico" is a vanished fantasy, one, really, that never existed except as a fantasy. I had pursued this contention throughout the regime of Diaz Ordaz, and *The Nation* published a number of my articles on that subject. At that time they must have appeared somewhat far out because of the continuous impressive national economic growth statistics. But the intrinsic fact of life was

(Continued on page 373)

EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72

'This Lawless Administration'

The Washington Post apologizes for resorting to the word "rancid"—which it rarely uses except when dealing with environmental issues—to characterize the latest disclosures about Nixon's "Department of Dirty Tricks." These now extend well beyond the Watergate case and involve such "tricks" as forged letters leaked to the press, general surveillance of Democratic candidates, attempts to disrupt meetings and similar gang-style antics.

Consider these developments: (*1*) Alfred C. Baldwin III, former FBI agent and key witness in the Watergate case, is induced to tell his story to two investigative reporters for the *Los Angeles Times*: Jack Nelson and Ronald J. Ostrow. The *Times* paid him nothing; he simply decided to talk. His attorneys then urged the *Times* not to run the story, but only after Earl Silbert, Chief Assistant to the U.S. Attorney in Washington, D.C.—the man in charge of the Watergate case—had phoned them to say that Baldwin might be cited for contempt, or the government might revoke his immunity if the interview were published. The *Times* decided to go ahead. (*2*) Then a "gag order" was obtained from chief U.S. District Judge John J. Sirica, who had assigned the Watergate case to himself as—under the rules—the judge best qualified to handle it. The sweeping order, since modified, was issued a day after Silbert had filed motion papers agreeing to a week-old request for such an order by attorneys for E. Howard Hunt, Jr., a former White House aide and one of the defendants in the case. Silbert filed these papers on the same day he learned of the *Times* interview from Baldwin's attorneys. By clear inference, the order was aimed at the suppression of the interview, and the *Times*, a strong Republican paper, so denounced it in a stinging editorial. (*3*) Asked to make "a clean breast" of the facts surrounding the Watergate case, the President told reporters that the FBI had assigned 133 agents to the case, pursued 1,800 leads, and conducted 1,500 interviews (note those round figures). What more could be asked? Why, the Alger Hiss investigation was "basically a Sunday school exercise" by comparison. True, commented columnist Gary Wills, but are they investigating only what they can find out or also trying to decide what others might find out, given the chance? The fact is, as Rep. Wright Patman has said, that the President is "totally responsible" for what the committee to re-elect him has done and is doing. As to the FBI under Gray, one of its limousines was used in New York, weeks after John Mitchell had resigned, to chauffeur Martha Mitchell to a series of campaign meetings. Even Gray concedes the action was "improper." Also slightly rancid.

Does any of this disturb the electorate? George Gallup says, "No, not much." Perhaps an outsider's view might help voters see what is involved. Henry Fairlie, conservative Washington correspondent for the Tory *Spectator*, offers some pertinent comments:

> I am among those . . . who believe that Richard Nixon is the chieftain of a lawless Administration, and

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that its lawlessness will significantly increase during a second term in which hope of re-election is no longer a restraint. The scandals which now follow on each other —day by day, as it seems—are not unconnected incidents. This lawless Administration is bound to behave scandalously, it is of its nature, it is how it is made. . . . The simple truth is that the Republican Party as it exists today under the leadership of Richard Nixon believes that there is no form of political power which it is not entitled to purchase, and it believes that all political power can be purchased; in fact, that everyone has his price. In this belief it is utterly cynical. . . . From the ITT case . . . to the ever more complicated revelations surrounding the bugging of the Democratic Party's headquarters, the present Administration is carrying the exercise of corruption to a level of lawlessness which is intolerable. It is bad enough that it should have, and that it should intend to spend $45 million on the re-election of the President alone; but the manner of the spending, as it is revealed from day to day, is sickening. One can only believe that the American people may begin to wonder what such an Administration, having bought its way lawlessly to power, might then consider itself entitled to do during a second term in which power was virtually unchecked.

But a large section of the electorate apparently does not agree. Why? In quest of an answer I visited a friend who is a big wheel in a Wall Street firm that does a huge business as a wholesaler of stocks and securities. As computers whirred and squads of young swingers answered jangling phones and hurried here and there with bits of paper in a miniature Stock Exchange setting, I was given "the view from the Street." Nixon, it seems, has "fixed" the election by playing auctioneer for the major interest groups, labor, industrial, financial, agricultural, religious, ethnic (only the blacks are excluded). The President is proving himself to be a fine Political Salesman: he has sold Boeing airliners to the Chinese and wheat to the Russians and has opened up glorious vistas of unlimited trade with the Communist world. European and American banks are eager to finance such transactions; the credit of the Russians is good, they have a lot of oil and gas. In brief, American and European capitalists have finally grasped the cardinal fact that communism is one means by which "backward" nations can, in the giant step of one generation, become splendid purchasers of Western-made products. Since their peoples want what ours want or already have, the Soviets are not only willing but compelled to enter the auction on a huge scale. A majority of the electorate would vote, therefore, for the Salesman not because they like him or trust him or because they approve of Watergate or like all of his domestic deals, but because his present policies promise to pay off handsomely. No doubt they will, but who will be the chief beneficiaries? Similar sentiments are reflected in the October newsletter sent out by Harris, Upham & Co. which assures the firm's clients that "corruption is as American as apple pie," nothing, as John Connally said recently, to get "uptight about."

Such a version of Campaign '72 represents not "mood" analysis but market analysis. The Salesman has analyzed the market and is telling his client constituents that he has found some hungry customers. The old "anti-Communist" rhetoric is filed for the season; now we are all

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proprietors of the world's biggest supermarket, stocked with goodies gaudily packaged. If the electorate sees itself that way, then it would seem that Senator McGovern was somewhat off the mark when he charged the Administration with "corruption." The charge would seem to fit the clients as well as it does the salesman.

But isn't the price a bit steep? Forget the price tag; some "prices" cannot be measured in dollars and cents. When politics has been reduced to a crude commodity exchange, accompanied by threats and retaliations against the opposition, what then is the effect on the values—such intangibles as anticipations, shared assumptions, traditional goals and aspirations, and such kindred concepts as "due process" and "equal protection"—which alone hold a society together. Such values cannot be purchased or traded on the market; if destroyed they cannot be restored. The public interest is not necessarily synonymous with a majority's conception of its economic self-interest at a particular moment in time. "Security" cannot be achieved by building high-rise fortresses; if the values which alone, in the last analysis, hold a society together, finally disintegrate, then every citizen's security is threatened. To say this is not to "moralize"—a dirty word these days. It is merely to remind voters of their real self-interest, which is perceived so sharply and vividly by Henry Fairlie, the friendly British observer.

* * *

George Meany's whip cracking is not cowing the affiliates of AFL-CIO as it might have done in years past. Thanks to the spirited leadership of Herrick Roth (see comments on p. 357), long a thorn in Meany's side, the membership of the Colorado Labor Council has supported the action of the council in endorsing McGovern, and a local federal district judge has denied Meany's petition to place the council in trusteeship. In California, where labor is more united behind McGovern than elsewhere, the State Federation elected to take the position that Meany's "neutrality" did not preclude it from denouncing Nixon. Here, too, Meany has attempted to crack down. The federation has countered by calling a special session of the Committee of Political Action for October 19 at which Meany's ukase will be reviewed. The Massachusetts State Labor Council has overwhelmingly approved a resolution calling for the defeat of Nixon and the virus of insubordination is spreading. Eleven state councils have now protested in one way or another and expressed support for McGovern.

Large sections of labor are annoyed not only by the farce of Meany's "neutrality" but also by his arrogance and sycophancy. Meany and his wife attended the Columbus Day banquet in Washington sponsored by some Italian-American organizations at which Mr. Nixon presented the sponsors' "man-of-the-year" award to Peter Fosco, president of the Laborers' International Union of North America. Fosco was eligible in that he is of Italian-American background, but it is difficult to detect, in his long career in the labor movement, the precise civic virtues which incited the admiration of the sponsoring organizations. After mentioning Meany and Fosco by name, the President went on to say that when he has a difficult decision to make, such as the decisions to bomb North Vietnam and mine its harbors, it is nice to have labor leaders around who will pick up the phone and say, "We will give you support." To pursue the semblance of Meany's "neutrality," Mrs. Meany was the member of the family photographed with the President, and her husband's presence was played down in the press. Meany's decision to support Nixon will have a continuing impact long after the election. Not only has he cast himself in the Quisling-like role of Nixon's "labor front" but he has consolidated the opposition to his leadership, which is now beginning, at long last, to show its head. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Perils of Disownment

Men and women who serve in line organizations, if properly treated, are inclined to be loyal in turn. Since loyalty begets loyalty, they can be relied on to "clam up" when trouble brews and stand by their bosses and the organization. The ITT scandal is an example. After some initial wavering, the lady lobbyist backed up her bosses and, with the aid of its shredding machine, ITT weathered the storm fairly well.

But each such narrow escape exacts a price. Underlings, even those not given to thinking overtime, begin to think. By now, great numbers of them have tumbled to the fact that on occasions of organizational embarrassment, or worse, they may be left holding the bag. When things go wrong, in business and in government, hanging the blame on some minor employee is a practice as old as bureaucracy itself. The ultimate safeguard of the subordinate—even of a very high subordinate—is to "talk." It is not only a matter of self-preservation but also a way of getting back at the organization which, as the prospective victim sees it, has ratted on him.

A prime case is that of Gen. John D. Lavelle, accused of carrying on a private war against unauthorized targets in North Vietnam. The White House had approved "protective-reaction" strikes in North Vietnam. The often advertised "unarmed reconnaissance airplanes" were flying over the terrain, selecting future targets, and accompanied by well-armed fighter-bombers. If any aircraft encountered surface-to-air fire, it and all the other fighter-bombers were authorized to return the fire. That, of course, was a fine way to locate North Vietnamese air defenses while staying within instructions, but it wasn't enough for Lavelle. He planned, and his pilots carried out, general bombing missions against more tempting targets, using bombs as large as 1,000 pounds. Many Air Force people of various grades were involved in the flights and in filing false mission reports. An intelligence specialist, grade of sergeant, home town Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was assigned to this latter duty, and after a while sent a letter to Iowa Sen. Harold Hughes telling him what was up. Hughes sent a copy to Gen. John Ryan, Air Force Chief of Staff. General Ryan realized immediately that the fat was in the fire and dispatched his inspector general to Saigon.

In the ensuing investigation, General Lavelle, according to Sen. John C. Stennis, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, was less than candid. He could hardly have been expected to be frank in the situation in which he found himself. He testified that he had not directly ordered the falsification of any specific

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reports and, taken literally, that was probably true, although some of his subodinates contradicted him. A four-star general can make his wants known elliptically and everybody down the line will give him what he wants. By the same token, the Joint Chiefs of Staff did not order Lavelle in so many words to bomb beyond the formal directives; but it strains credulity to suppose that an officer, however zealous, would on his own initiative, and at his own risk, embark on such a venture.

When he saw that he was cast in the role of the scapegoat, Lavelle wrote a long letter to Senator Stennis, insisting that he had been encouraged by the Joint Chiefs and by Defense Secretary Melvin Laird to do what he did. This leaves hanging the crucial question: did Laird and the Joint Chiefs so encourage Lavelle on the orders, or at the suggestion, of the President; or did the Joint Chiefs and Laird take it on themselves to disobey those orders? Either the American people were deceived by their President, or the President was deceived by his military advisers.

Then there is the case of Alfred C. Baldwin III, recounted by Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times*. According to his story, Baldwin was cast for the role of the patsy in the Watergate bugging case. He says that an attorney for the Committee for the Re-election of the President told him, "You're not to say anything. Your position is to take the Fifth." Take the Fifth! Not so long ago you were a "Communist" if you even whispered that the Constitution contained an amendment to which a witness could resort in refusing to incriminate himself before an investigating body. Now respectable Republicans find the amendment handy. Baldwin, however, elected to talk, and thus the committee—CREEP, as they call it in Washington—finds itself over a barrel. And there are others, such as John and Martha Mitchell, particularly the latter, who might in their memoirs tell all they know about Watergate. That could include even Richard Nixon.

Development . . . For Whom?

As the head of the World Bank, Robert S. McNamara knows what he is talking about when he publicizes the "direct and constant relationship between the incidence of violence and the economic status of the countries afflicted." He said that in 1966, and the news is even worse today. Addressing the board of governors of the World Bank Group on September 25, McNamara reported on the progress of the current five-year plan begun in 1968 and ending next June 30, and the prospects for the fiscal years 1974-78. The latter are extremely dubious. The developed countries were to increase their assistance to 0.7 per cent of their GNPs by 1975. The actual figure will be half of that—0.37 per cent. The poorer countries —those with per capita GNPs of less than $200, will be penalized the most. Hundreds of millions of individuals within these countries, McNamara tells us, will for a whole decade "be able to detect virtually no improvement whatever in their desperately low standards of living." That is because their countries will not be able to reach anything like the 6 per cent annual growth in GNP which is needed before the condition of the poor can be appreciably improved without assistance from outside.

Projected to the end of the century—only a single generation away—the people of the developing countries will be enjoying per capita incomes, in 1972 dollars, of more than $8,000 a year (not overmuch when one considers that this is an *average* income) while the masses of the poor, who by that time will total some 2.25 billion, will be subsisting on less than $200 per capita, and 800 million of these will be existing on a semi or actual starvation income of less than $100.

But this still understates the magnitude of the problem. The development that has occurred has not touched about 40 per cent of the people in "developing" countries. The situation is much like that of the United States in the early part of the Great Depression. President Hoover took steps to improve the lot of the great corporations, hoping that their regained prosperity would percolate down to the jobless. It didn't, and Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins and the other New Dealers provided direct help for those at the bottom of the economic pyramid. That worked, at least until World War II restored general prosperity.

Even in the poorest developing countries, there are classes—the rich or well-off, and the poor. Bangladesh, to take an especially horrible example, is receiving massive international help through the United Nations, but a substantial part of the relief supplies are appearing for sale in India. A senior Western diplomat in Dacca is quoted in *The New York Times* (October 4): "I say categorically that there are so many officials on the take . . . that I doubt that this government is going to last very long."

McNamara is trying to work out "income redistribution" in countries that borrow from the World Bank. He may be heading for a collision with the governments of some of the developing countries, and he acknowledges that each government must make its own decisions in respect to internal inequities. But the Bank has the money and the power to make decisions on where to lend, and on what conditions.

Nothing is more important in the international arena than the outcome of McNamara's efforts. And what Americans should be watching above all is how much support he gets from the next administration and its foreign policy makers.

Standing Up to Meany

Santa Fe

George Meany may well be playing Goliath to a Rocky Mountain David. For two months, ever since the Democratic National Convention, a collision had been approaching between the crusty president of the AFL-CIO and his state council in Colorado. In late September their difference of opinion reeled into court. Here is what has happened:

Mr. Meany stomped home from the Democratic convention in Miami Beach, vowing he couldn't support its Presidential nominee. Within a week he had called together the national AFL-CIO Executive Council and rammed it into a neutral corner in the coming campaign. It was the first time in the history of the AFL-CIO that it had abandoned a Democratic Presidential candidate.

The national and international affiliates of the AFL-

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CIO were free to endorse whom they pleased. But not the state and local councils of the parent AFL-CIO. The edict went out: no endorsements and no working for a Presidential candidate.

The Colorado Labor Council (CLC) flatly and flagrantly defied the Meany edict. Its political committee met on August 7 and voted 41 to 0 to endorse Senator McGovern.

That brought down the full Meany wrath. He demanded that the CLC rescind the endorsement and fall back in line—or face disciplinary action. The council's executive board, unawed, met and reiterated the endorsement, 27 to 1. Not only that, but it fired off a letter to Mr. Meany charging this his edict was "arbitrary, capricious, in excess of your authority and flagrantly offends the basic policies of the AFL-CIO."

Mr. Meany, now furious, dispatched a handpicked three-man "fact-finding" team to Denver. It met all day with the Colorado insurrectionists, in what Colorado labor officials said was no hearing but an inquisition. The team returned to Washington and told Meany what he wanted to hear, that the CLC was guilty of violating AFL-CIO rules. Meany promptly dismissed the CLC's officers and ordered the unit thrown into trusteeship.

Before the trustee even arrived in Denver, CLC President Herrick Roth was headed for the court, saying, "We will resist any action to make us rescind our endorsement. And we will test it in court the day they try to take us over." CLC attorney Philip Hornbein was even blunter: "We will not back down, retreat, or knuckle under to Meany's demands."

A federal district judge in Denver in early September ruled in favor of the council. He issued a preliminary injunction barring any Meany take-over. Mr. Roth and his board are still in control, still defiant, and for the moment fully legal. On October 6, a special convention of the Colorado State Labor Council, whose delegates represented 51,000 of some 77,000 members, voted 228 to 10 to sustain every action council officials had taken.

The next move is Meany's. Whether he intended it this way or not, he has now gone too far to turn back. At stake is not only the future of the Colorado council but the entire relationship of Meany to his subordinate councils. An ultimate victory in the courts for the mutineering local could unhinge completely not only AFL-CIO control over its subordinate bodies but the very future of Meany himself. If he loses this test his position in the AFL-CIO will perhaps be eroded beyond repair.

Mr. Meany sees Roth as a publicity seeking troublemaker "with a fixed determination to endorse McGovern regardless of whether that would violate the policy and rules of the AFL-CIO." But it is Meany's fixed determination not to endorse McGovern that has turned the Colorado council onto its daring, defiant course. How many other state councils secretly feel the same way is hard to say. Mr. Roth insists that at least thirteen others have quietly assured him they support his defiance and that another thirty would be glad to see the Colorado council win the fight.

If it does win, Meany will no longer be omnipotent, and omnipotence has been the essence of his long rule.

JACK WAUGH

The Public as Plaintiff

The rebellious young are always being urged to "work within the system," and Ralph Nader has shown that it can be done effectively. Perhaps, however, it would be more accurate to say that it has been done effectively in the past. Under the Nixon Supreme Court, with Chief Justice Burger at the helm, it may become a good deal more difficult in the future. It has just come to light that Burger did something strange, unprecedented, and perhaps ominous, last August. He sent his appointee, Rowland F. Kirks, director of the administrative office of the United States courts, to see Speaker of the House Carl Albert on a matter that has been agitating the Chief Justice for some time. He fears that a certain type of new law, against pollution, for example, will provoke litigation that may clog the already overburdened courts. He is particularly opposed to class actions by consumers, conservationists, et al. Some may feel that overloading the judicial system is not the only cause of the Chief Justice's apprehensions: he may foresee that business will be unduly hampered. Accompanying Kirks on the visit to Albert was the one-time famous New Deal lawyer, Thomas ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran, who represents drug interests, among others.

The purpose of the visit was to lobby against a pending bill broadening the public's right to sue. Corcoran did the lobbying, Kirks merely sat by, assenting but, whether officially or not, representing the Chief Justice. The bill was modified on the House floor to permit personal injury suits involving products only if $10,000 in damages, or more, was alleged.

The issue has larger ramifications than Burger's intervention, although the impropriety of a Chief Justice lobbying for or against legislation is important in itself. In a sense, the last recourse of those who would fight for reform within the system is the class action, in which an individual or organization sues on behalf of all other parties similarly affected. Young lawyers, many of them recruited by Nader or moved by his example, have become quite sophisticated in this area of litigation and are constantly developing the "class action" to cope with new situations and issues. As a current example, New York City has filed an action against the General Motors Corporation on its own behalf and that of all other cities, towns or villages which use school busses. The suit charges that the company has what amounts to a practical monopoly, with GM manufacturing some 70 per cent of full-size busses and another company assembling the rest from GM parts. Such actions, it will be noted, are not of minor importance: in this case, if New York wins and treble damages are allowed, more than $100 million could be involved. At this time, when the class action is broadening in scope, it is not surprising that powerful interests have begun to zero in on Ralph Nader. Lately almost every issue of the *Congressional Record* carries one or more anti-Nader statements.

The issue will also become of increasing importance because the Nixon Administration has succeeded in defeating legislative measures designed to create a strong consumer protection agency. Another important consideration is the outlook for a lopsided, pro-business attitude

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in the Supreme Court. An article by Louis M. Kohlmeier in the October 5th *Wall Street Journal* discusses this trend at length. President Nixon's four appointments have moved the Court rightward, and the end is not in sight. Only three Justices—Douglas, Marshall and Brennan—are left of the once liberal majority of the Warren Court, and nowadays they are on the defensive. John A. Morsell, assistant executive director of the NAACP, is quoted as saying that "the Nixon thrust has sent us to our knees for the good health" of these three. If the President is re-elected, he will almost certainly be able to buttress the prevailing conservative "thrust" and it could persist for a generation. Even now, as the lobbying activities of the Chief Justice indicate, the outlook for new precedents which would strengthen the "class action" as an instrument of reform are not bright.

PUERTO RICO

MORE OF THE SAME WON'T DO

MARY de ZULUETA GREENEBAUM
Miss Greenebaum, a graduate of the Columbia University School of International Affairs, has been doing research on the economics and politics of the Caribbean for the Royal Bank of Canada and other clients.

> I'm going to run for re-election on my record in promoting economic development and social justice.
> —*Gov. Luis Ferré, Partido Nuevo Progresista*

> A democratic government must promote the just distribution of wealth and economic opportunities. This task was begun by the Partido Popular Democratico and obstructed by the government of Señor Ferré. The people of Puerto Rico will resume this effort in 1972, the year we recapture victory.
> —*Rafael Hernandez Colón, President of the Senate and candidate for governor, Partido Popular Democratico*

> We're offering the people of Puerto Rico the option of independence and a Socialist action program in 1972.
> —*Carlos Gallisa, Vice President, Partido Independentista Puertorriqueño*

November 7 is Election Day also in Puerto Rico, where the voters will choose a governor. The election will play a pivotal role in determining whether the island's future political status is to be commonwealth, statehood or independence. Although status has traditionally been a central question in political discussion on the island, the issue has acquired new intensity as a result of recent action at the United Nations. Last fall the Cuban delegation tried unsuccessfully to have Puerto Rico's status debated by the General Assembly. Then, in late August of this year, the Cubans raised the subject again before the Committee on Colonialism, which adopted a resolution asserting "the inalienable right of the people of Puerto Rico to self-determination and independence," and referred the issue to one of its subcommittees for study.

Along with status, the condition of the island's economy has been a central campaign issue. Experience with the effects of recession and inflation in the United States has made many Puerto Ricans wonder how they might protect themselves from the vicissitudes of the mainland economy. This interest in the island's economy has provided an occasion to reassess the Puerto Rican Government's economic and social policies.

That reassessment is long overdue, for the basic economic development strategy of industrialization through tax incentives has remained almost unchanged since it was initiated in the late 1940s. Rapid industrialization indeed has occurred, but the social structure and the distribution of wealth have not changed appreciably. The growth of manufacturing created a middle class of managers and skilled workers, but it remains sandwiched between a small clique of prominent families who control the economic and political power and a mass of unskilled workers, many of them unemployed. In particular, the rural population has been shut out of the recent development, largely because the proverbial multiplier does not multiply in Puerto Rico: industrial wages create a demand for food and consumer goods, but these are then imported from the mainland. Considerably more than three-quarters of the food supply, 60 per cent of consumer goods and most raw materials are imported. In addition, industrialization has begun to create environmental problems so serious that the government has embarked on a $200 million program to clean up the island's water over the next ten years. Automobile congestion is becoming worse, despite a $2.5 billion highway program now under way. Puerto Rico seems to have acquired the problems of a developed economy without solving those of a developing one. More of the same will not be enough to deal with present conditions on the island.

So far, however, status has eclipsed all other issues. The question emerged in 1968, when the Partido Popular Democratico (PPD), which had designed and implemented the idea of commonwealth, was defeated after almost twenty years in office by the Partido Nuevo Progresista (PNP), a revitalized and broadened form of the Republican Statehood Party that had traditionally represented a wealthy minority on the island. Paradoxically, Luis Ferré the incumbent governor, did not campaign in 1968 on the issue of statehood. Nor has he in 1972. He constantly emphasizes that status is a matter "for the people to decide" in a referendum. Yet because of his long identification with the cause of statehood, his mere presence in office is for many people evidence of Puerto Rico's first step to assimilation into the United States. Public opinion on the status issue has consequently become increasingly polarized.

Despite what the Governor maintains, status is not

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apt to be decided in a plebiscite. The referendum held in 1967 showed that 60.4 per cent of the voters favored commonwealth, 39 per cent favored statehood, and 0.6 per cent favored independence. Although the advocates of statehood and independence have both gained in number since then, the proportions remain roughly the same. As long as the population is split that way, no political leader in Puerto Rico or in the United States will dare declare the results of a referendum decisive. The future status of the island will evolve through less obvious measures, such as the present Governor's attempt to obtain the vote for Puerto Ricans in U.S. Presidential elections.

It makes considerable difference, then, whether the governor who is now elected to guide this evolution is an advocate of statehood or commonwealth. Even the Partido Independentista Puertorriqueño (PIP) concedes that the possibility of an *independentista* governor is extremely remote. That party is striving for representation in the legislature.

The members of the PPD feel that their party, which still controls the Senate, must make a political comeback by capturing the governorship or become politically defunct. Political support for the idea of commonwealth would die with it. This feeling of "do or die" has spurred the Populares into energetic campaigning.

Aside from political controversy, recent incidents have dramatized the inherent awkwardness of the commonwealth status. Negotiations are proceeding over the future use of the island of Culebra off the coast of Puerto Rico where the U.S. Navy's target practice has aroused widespread protest both on that island and in Puerto Rico. [See "Culebra: Island Besieged" by Robert Swann, *The Nation*, March 1, 1971.] "We've reached a satisfactory agreement with the Navy," the Governor stated in a recent interview. "Culebra is a dead issue, a political mummy." Yet the following day San Juan newspapers reported that Rep. Herman Badillo was introducing, as an amendment to the Military Construction Authorization bill, an order instructing the Navy to end all operations on Culebra no later than January 1975. Badillo's action emphasized the fact that Puerto Rico's resident commissioner in Washington does little more than reside there. He is neither a Congressman nor an ambassador. Perhaps the ultimate irony in the status controversy has been the Young Lords' opening of branch offices in San Juan and Aguadilla. These young people have come from east Harlem and the south Bronx to liberate their Puerto Rican brothers, although the Lords' imperfect knowledge of Spanish sometimes makes it difficult for them to communicate with their brothers.

Economically, Puerto Rico faces the same problems that beset the mainland. Inflation, approximately 5 per cent a year according to the Government Planning Board, is eating into wages. The recent recession was exported to Puerto Rico in the form of factory closings and a slump in tourism which contributed to hotel closings. About 9,000 jobs were lost in the shoe industry alone. The peculiarly Puerto Rican indicator, migration to the mainland, showed that after a year of net influx into the island there was once again an outflow. More than 40,000 migrated during the past year.

However, most of the debate on economic issues is superficial, concentrating on symptoms instead of causes. Critics of the administration attack the competence of the Governor and his staff. "What do you expect from a government of businessmen?" they ask. What most Puerto Ricans fail to acknowledge is that the island's most serious economic troubles are not imported from the mainland, and would exist regardless of the island's political status or the boom and slump in the United States. The recent drop in manufacturing employment is trivial when compared to the island's chronically high unemployment: officially 10 to 12 per cent, but unofficially at least twice that if one includes those who have given up looking for work and those who are seriously underemployed. The problem will grow worse, since approximately half the population is still under the age of 20. The birth rate is a high 2.5 per cent a year, despite incipient efforts at family planning.

Similarly, the effects of inflation in the United States are less important to Puerto Rico than the exorbitant food prices which result from the lack of efficient local suppliers on the island. According to Sen. Justo Mendez, one of the few political leaders who is worried about the future of Puerto Rican agriculture, 90 per cent of the food supply is imported. It is amazing to notice that even tropical products come from the outside. Supermarkets in San Juan display cans of pineapple from Hawaii and fresh Sunkist oranges from Florida. The government has stabilized the price of milk at 33¢ a quart, compared to 29¢ on the upper East Side of Manhattan. Eggs are 79¢ a dozen; hamburger, 99¢ a pound.

High unemployment and the lack of a local food supply are closely related, since the imbalance between agriculture and industry is at the root of the island's economic problems. Opportunities for employment in agriculture and food processing are being completely bypassed. Instead, industrial wage earners' demand for food is creating jobs for farmers in Hawaii, California and Florida. In the industrial sector, furthermore, high food prices drive up wages, and discourage the labor-intensive investment the island desperately needs.

There is no reason of climate or topography why Puerto Rico cannot grow and process a substantial portion of its own food supply. The fact is that since 1950, when the Administración de Fomento Economico began to implement the industrial incentives program, the government has concentrated its efforts on aggressive promotion of industry, and allowed *laissez faire* to prevail in the rest of the economy. Agriculture stagnated while manufacturing boomed.

"The trouble with Puerto Rican agriculture is that everyone is stuck growing sugar," states Sen. Miguel Hernandez Agosto, former Secretary of Agriculture. Although two-thirds of the island's surface is hilly, there are some prime lands. Most of these are devoted to sugar or to nonagricultural uses. This allocation makes little sense, because Puerto Rico is one of the most inefficient sugar producers in the world. Its sugar industry cannot compete with either the low-wage areas or the highly mechanized beet production of the industrial countries.

Nevertheless, whatever government assistance there

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has been for agriculture has concentrated on sugar. The present administration has launched a $100 million program to save the industry. Although members of the administration point to this program and a similar one for coffee as evidence of an effort to develop agriculture, the assistance is closer to disaster relief than to development. It consists of blank-check subsidies to the growers, the only objective being to preserve jobs in plantations and mills that would otherwise have shut down—as some already have.

Agriculture lacks prestige because most people cannot believe that money might be made by growing things. Consequently, no one will invest to improve productivity or to experiment with crop diversification. Those who own land hold it for its speculative value, not its productive potential. One day they hope to sell it, for housing, factory sites or hotels. Meanwhile, what can be eked out is put into a Swiss bank account, the New York securities market, or the down payment on a new car.

There have been some isolated exceptions to this pattern. Libby recently initiated a profitable tomato-growing operation on some of the land which was formerly part of the Aguirre sugar plantation. But this type of efficient growing of food crops is not going to expand substantially without government incentives of the kind that are now being accorded only to industry. It must be added that the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which regards the Caribbean primarily as a market for American farmers, has contributed notably little to the development of Puerto Rican agriculture. Its experimental station at Mayagüez, for instance, is staffed by competent personnel who devote most of their efforts to testing plants that can never be grown in Puerto Rico.

The stagnation of agriculture is the most obvious cause of high unemployment and uneven distribution of incomes, but there is also serious doubt as to the effectiveness of the present industrial incentives program for dealing with these problems. The original aim of the program of tax exemptions for industry was to create jobs. During the 1950s the bootstrap program was highly effective in attracting to Puerto Rico a number of light industries, such as textiles, garments and shoes, which provided a large number of jobs for unskilled and semiskilled workers.

But circumstances have changed considerably in twenty years. Wages have risen in Puerto Rico, where the U.S. minimum wage applies, although certain exceptions can legally be made. In addition, the U.S. domestic market for textiles, garments and shoes is collapsing under the competition of foreign imports, so very few of these firms would now be interested in opening plants in Puerto Rico. Only the tax incentives remain: a minimum of ten years and a maximum of seventeen years of complete exemption from corporate, personal and real estate taxes for any firm that will begin manufacturing a product not produced in Puerto Rico before 1947, when the law was enacted.

The incentives, combined with aggressive promotion by the Administración de Fomento Economico, have in recent years brought to the island a number of capital intensive industries: petrochemicals, pharmaceuticals, electronics. These provide relatively few jobs, and the jobs they do create are for a restricted group of skilled workers. As it is currently operating, the incentive program may be helping large corporations like Union Carbide, Phillips Petroleum and ITT more than it is benefiting the people of Puerto Rico.

Fomento officials defend the new trend on the grounds that it is attracting more permanent investors than before, providing more jobs than did the garment factories and, above all, creating raw materials that will attract new light manufacturers.

There is no guarantee, though, that the accessibility of some raw materials will be sufficient to offset the rise in wages. Nor is it clear that the light manufacturers which Fomento hopes to attract as satellites of the capital intensive industries are currently doing well enough in the United States to want to expand to Puerto Rico. And there are overwhelming environmental considerations which make a large-scale expansion of industry far from the obvious solution to Puerto Rico's problem. After Singapore and Hong Kong, Puerto Rico is one of the most densely populated areas in the world, with more than 800 people per square mile. Prime land must be used selectively. Furthermore, the preservation of the quality of the environment is essential for another important industry on the island: tourism.

Because Puerto Rico is at a critical juncture both in its economic development and in determining its political status, it is unfortunate that these basic issues are being evaded. Although there are many critics of the administration's performance, few people question the basic premises of the development strategy which has been used over the past twenty years.

Governor Ferré was elected in 1968 not on his record as one of the chief exponents of statehood but on his promise to the voters of "La Nueva Vida"—the new life. "Nobody was exactly sure what the new life was supposed to be. And all we know now is that it never came," states Rep. Bennie Frankie Cerezo, one of the organizers of the PNP. Unlike most members of the PNP, Cerezo is deeply concerned with the need for basic social and economic reforms. Most of his colleagues, once in office, seem to have been overwhelmed with the problems of day-to-day governing and to have lost sight of their original goal.

"The Partido Popular Democratico is going to win in 1972 because it has a strong slate and a good program and because the present administration is incompetent," predicts José Enrique Arraras, one of the party's leaders. His first claim at least is not unfounded. Rafael Hernandez Colón, the party's candidate for governor and currently President of the Senate, is a man of undeniable ability who established his reputation in Puerto Rican politics as Secretary of Justice while he was still in his 20s. Yet the solutions he offers to Puerto Rico's problems are not particularly innovative. Both in public statements and in private conversation, he reiterates his faith in industrial incentives, believing like most critics of Governor Ferré that it has been poorly implemented by the current administration.

The activity of the independence movement is an

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exception to the lack of analysis of the basic issues. The *independentistas* recently sponsored a detailed program, developed by a group of professors at the University of Puerto Rico's Rio Piedras campus, headed by Milton Pabón, a professor of political science. An essential part of the proposal is a projection of how the transition can be made from Puerto Rico's current economic organization to a completely autonomous Socialist economy.

Despite sporadic bombings of department stores by a militant faction of the movement, there is no doubt that a far larger and more moderate section of the movement has been doing serious work both in organizing and in developing a program. Most of this group belongs to the PIP, headed by Ruben Berrios and Carlos Gallisa, both of whom are lawyers.

The insurmountable obstacle that the PIP faces is the little support for either independence or socialism in Puerto Rico. Although the ranks of the *independentistas* have grown since the 1967 referendum, almost all political observers agree that the vast majority of Puerto Ricans favor some form of institutionalized association with the United States.

Resistance to socialism is even stronger than the objection to independence. To the middle-class Puerto Rican who is in the process of paying off the mortgage on his house in one of San Juan's sprawling suburbs and actively contributing to the daily traffic jams which paralyze the city, socialism conjures up visions of Fidel confiscating property and forcing middle-class Cubans to cut sugar cane. The industrial workers tend to share such views, even though they may not share the affluence. The vast group of poor and unemployed, who might advocate some form of radical social change, has been politically apathetic so far. This group looks to migration to New York as the only way to improve its lot.

The prospect for Puerto Rico over the next four years seems to be for more of the same. The unresolved status issue will continue to monopolize political discussion, while an examination of the island's fundamental problems is evaded. Unquestioned faith in industrialization as a panacea for the island will be maintained while the persistence of glaring social and economic inequities is ignored and the threat to the environment largely unheeded. The traditional formulas are being proved increasingly inadequate, but few people are seriously searching for new ones. □

McGOVERN'S UPHILL RACE

1. Pennsylvania

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Pittsburgh

Senator McGovern's campaign strategists in Pennsylvania believe that they will need 100,000 votes from Pittsburgh and Allegheny County and 250,000 from Philadelphia to carry the state next month. Two facts make fulfilling that need difficult at best. First, through the magic of electronics and the majesty of the Presidency, Richard Nixon has, in effect, been campaigning in Pennsylvania for nearly four years. Senator McGovern's campaign did not really get started until September 13, when the Senator and his nonrunning mate, Edward Kennedy, drew 10,000 to 15,000 persons to a noon rally in Pittsburgh's Market Square. The expectation of seeing Senator Kennedy, "live and on stage," attracted much of the crowd and kept it waiting under a hot sun until the two men arrived forty minutes late. Speaking first, Kennedy elevated the audience to an altitude of partisan excitement which McGovern generally had been unable to elicit from crowds. But then McGovern demonstrated that, once his audience has been boosted by the Kennedy auxiliary rocket, the South Dakotan can rise to the people's level of excitation and maintain it on his own. The Ted-and-George show came off equally well before an even larger audience later that day in Philadelphia. "That's the day the campaign started in Pennsylvania," said Harvey Thiemann, state Democratic chairman.

The second difficulty is unprecedented in the recent history of the state. Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo, a Democrat, backs President Nixon who, by way of thanks, announced the day after the McGovern-Kennedy appearance that Rizzo would receive $52.3 million in new federal aid for Philadelphia. And at the other end of the state, in Pittsburgh, Mayor Peter F. Flaherty sits quietly. Flaherty, also a Democrat, has studiously maintained an "I'm nobody's boy" independence from party politics and "special interests" since his election in 1969. Clearly the single most popular politician among voters of both parties in the county, Flaherty declined to join other leading Democrats in meeting McGovern and Kennedy at the Pittsburgh airport (an omission which Kennedy aides reportedly considered so insulting that they later pledged themselves to help a rival Pittsburgh Democrat defeat Flaherty in the mayoral primary next year). The Mayor was also conspicuously absent from the Market Square rally, although he did meet privately with McGovern and labor leaders that day. McGovern faces in Pennsylvania, then, a Philadelphia Democratic Mayor pledged to Nixon and a Pittsburgh Mayor pledged to no one.

A third McGovern problem in Pennsylvania is similar to one he appears to have been facing elsewhere: it is to match his campaign issues to the actual concerns of most voters. Intellectuals, New Politics exponents and thoughtful young people believe the issues should be Indochina, defense spending, poverty and the Supreme Court. State Democratic politicians believe that McGovern can find the true issues in supermarket aisles, in the political

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manipulation of Nixon's Pay Board, and among the unemployed. The first group won the Miami Beach convention and the party for McGovern. *Realpolitik* is forcing the idealists to give back the party and part of the campaign to the professional politicians, almost all of whom supported Lyndon Johnson's Indochinese war policies. But the conversion to *Realpolitik* is not complete. In Philadelphia, for example, McGovern's state coordinator, Vick French, says: "A strong impression I have is that blue-collar workers make a connection between their pocketbooks and the war." French, a former aide to Sen. Fred Harris and a lobbyist for Common Cause, believes that, because there is no huge defense-related industry in Pennsylvania, McGovern's strong statements against the war and for cuts in defense spending will not estrange the state's voters.

However, Eugene Coon, Allegheny County Democratic chairman, says that the "war is not the issue." Amnesty for draft evaders is, he thinks, more of an issue. Above all, the economic issue is the most important one. Coon is particularly pleased with, and likes to repeat, McGovern's statement about the nondeductibility of the worker's bologna sandwich.

A candid source among Nixon campaigners is Robert Peirce, Jr., Allegheny County Clerk of Courts. A young, liberal and ambitious Republican, Peirce believes that "people still think of that $1,000 McGovern was going to give every person, even though he's dropped the idea. I was at a party of Iron Workers where it was said that the Democratic Party used to be for the workingman, but now it's just for the very rich and the very poor." The Nixon people in Pennsylvania are playing to that idea. Peirce appears to have come closest in detecting the actual mood of the average local voter. He recalls, also, that he was scheduled to debate Vic Papale, one of McGovern's three coordinators in the Pittsburgh area, at Duquesne University. But the students never showed up. Then Peirce spoke at the University of Pittsburgh and Papale at Chatham College. After those three engagements, Peirce claims he and Papale agreed that the campuses are a waste of time. Papale denies that the colleges are apathetic, but Peirce's advice to the Nixon people is to concentrate on the high schools "because those kids seem easier to motivate."

Papale maintains that his McGovern workers are "finding the war is important among a lot of people. So are taxes and unemployment. It's not simply that the people are angry about them but that they want to hear a candidate who can propose a long-range solution." Papale says, however, that nothing strikes him as "a dominant issue—just a sentiment among voters of dissatisfaction. Bussing hardly comes up. It may be that people don't think that between McGovern and Nixon there are astounding differences on these issues."

As if to lend a touch of credence to Papale's partisan optimism, on the same day that he offered that observation, his candidate, McGovern, endorsed federal tax credits to parents of children in church schools. By thus eliminating the difference between himself and the President on parochial-school aid, McGovern could conceivably retrieve the large numbers of Eastern and Southern European and Irish Catholic voters who, in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, seemed to have deserted to Nixon.

As could be expected, Harvey Thiemann sees high prices and high unemployment (6.3 per cent in Philadelphia; 5.7 in Pittsburgh at the end of summer) and not the war as the key issues. Fact sheets on food prices and other bread-and-butter issues, compiled from what Democratic chairmen around the state telephoned or wrote to Thiemann's office, have been mailed out to voters by the state party, not the McGovern headquarters. The McGovern forces also try to emphasize the economic issues in their mailings to voters, but they almost invariably link the wage freeze, inflation and unemployment to the war.

If the Democratic regulars like Thiemann and Coon wish McGovern would stop bleeding over the plight of the Vietnamese people and concentrate exclusively on Middle America's concerns, McGovern himself seems to have adopted in Pennsylvania a compromise strategy. He makes concessions to the Jewish, Catholic and working-class votes without failing, however, to emphasize the horrible vindictiveness and stupidity of the war. At a $100-a-plate dinner in Philadelphia in late September, he struck savagely at the atrocities of the war. Addressing about 600 supporters, few of whom came from the ranks of the old-line Philadelphia Democratic Party, McGovern declared that he would "force the American people to examine the evils in Southeast Asia." He touched only lightly on inflation, unemployment, crime and drug abuse as by-products of the war. Instead, he illustrated his concern for the destruction of innocent Vietnamese by displaying several of the more vicious types of anti-personnel bombs which the United States uses on the Vietnamese.

It is on the war and waste in defense spending that McGovern still conveys the greatest sense of fervor and sincerity. They are what differentiated him from his competitors in the primary and what make him look different from Nixon now. But the professionals keep telling him that those issues are not where the Presidential campaign is. And the consensus, even among many anti-war newsmen in the state, is that the "pols" are right. At McGovern's side at the Philadelphia dinner, for example, were Sen. Edmund Muskie and Gov. Milton J. Shapp, originally a Muskie supporter. Shapp and Muskie took softer approaches in their dinner speeches. Neither of them has been particularly effective on the war.

It seems to be Sargent Shriver, rather than McGovern, who has been assigned to make the strongest pitch on the economic issues in Pennsylvania. He has been staking out plant gates across the state and reminding those workers who would listen to him that Nixon's economics had shrunk the buying power of their pay checks and frozen their wages. The problem at the mill gates in the Pittsburgh area was Shriver's low-recognition factor. Four years ago, Hubert Humphrey drew hundreds of workers to him wherever he went, mainly because he had long been an elected national political figure closely identified with the cause of labor. Shriver's work as an appointed official in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations was in areas—anti-poverty and the Peace Corps—that were neither highly visible nor of much

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interest to working-class men and women. Nevertheless, Shriver's vigorous, aggressive approach to workers pleases the state's party regulars. "I think Shriver's coming across," says Coon. Although a politician to the core, the Allegheny County chairman differs with both fellow party regulars and the McGovern staff on another issue: the effect of Rizzo's endorsement of Nixon. He thinks "there's no question that Rizzo is going to cut McGovern down in Philly. I fully expect the city payrollers there to be told to vote Republican." For that reason, Coon suspects that Allegheny County may have to carry McGovern by as much as 150,000 instead of the 100,000 which McGovern headquarters say is necessary to carry Pennsylvania's twenty-seven electoral votes.

Chairman Thiemann does not believe—or at least says he does not believe—that "the situation in Philly will have much of an effect on the McGovern campaign." Thiemann points out that Rizzo won the mayoralty by fewer votes than anyone else in recent history. Vick French agrees. "Rizzo's support of Nixon has been rhetorical rather than that of intervention in the Democratic City Committee or the approaching of ward leaders and muscling them into carrying the election for Nixon." One reason, according to French, is that Rizzo has further ambitions "which won't be satisfied within the GOP. He has to stay in the Democratic Party. Rizzo will conclude that if he wants the governorship, he'll have to run as a Democrat. He can't, therefore, turn off the regular Democrats."

Peter J. Camiel, Philadelphia Democratic city chairman, says that Rizzo has not and will not use the influence of the mayor's office to keep Philadelphia contractors, who normally contribute heavily to the Democratic organization, from donating to the McGovern cause. Although Coon's cynicism is probably more prophetic than the optimism of French, Thiemann and Camiel, there is some political logic in the thesis that Rizzo cannot afford to go overboard for Nixon. Rizzo probably will see no advantage in switching to the GOP because of Republican Dist. Atty. Arlen Specter of Philadelphia. A former Democrat, Specter is state chairman of Nixon's campaign. It is said that John Mitchell called Pennsylvania Sens. Hugh Scott and Richard Schweiker to say that he wanted them as honorary chairmen of the Pennsylvania Committee to Re-elect the President, but told them further that he wanted Specter to be the real chairman. The White House was thus making it clear that it was interested in Specter, as a Philadelphia Jew and former Democrat, for the governorship in the future. Specter himself claims that he could not get Rizzo to stump for Nixon or even to sign a pro-Nixon letter for mailing to Italian-American voters.

If it is uncertain how much weight Rizzo's endorsement of Nixon will carry with Philadelphia Democrats and independents, it is equally unclear to some observers how much Kennedy can help to get McGovern votes instead of just crowds at rallies. Some Kennedy aides

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are said to believe that the Massachusetts Senator does fine when he campaigns for himself, but less well for others. The theory is that, while he rouses the ire of the Kennedyphobes, who transfer their hatred to his protégé, the Kennedyphiles watch and sigh at the McGovern-Kennedy appearances and say to themselves, "I can't wait until Ted runs in '76." The latter do not, so the theory goes, transfer Kennedy's superstar aura to McGovern.

In Pittsburgh, Coon agrees with their diagnosis to the extent that he does not "know if one candidate can rub off popularity on another, even though there's no question that Kennedy is extremely popular here." One of the reasons for his popularity with the local politicos is that he came out forcefully on their side at two meetings, before the Market Square rally, attended by most of the area Democrats who had actively opposed McGovern at Miami Beach. Kennedy told the pros that the election of McGovern would depend on the regular Democratic organizations throughout the state and the nation. After acknowledging the existence of what he called the "McGovern Guerrillas," the amateurs and idealists, he warmed the politicians' hearts by saying of McGovern: "The question is whether, in the next eight weeks, he will be supported by those of us who have devoted a lifetime to the Democratic Party." That kind of private, reassuring, balming synergism may prove more valuable to McGovern than Kennedy's public, crowd-attracting role. Contingents of Kennedy haters showed up at the Market Square rally with anti-Kennedy signs, one of which, nearly half a block wide, snarled a reference to Chappaquiddick.

Another question in the state is whether organized labor will be McGovern's nemesis or savior. The worst blow came on September 19 from Las Vegas, where the United Steelworkers' convention voice-voted with its president, I. W. Abel and AFL-CIO President George Meany not to endorse McGovern. The union's international headquarters is in Pittsburgh, and the Steelworkers are the single most important union in Pennsylvania. In the April primary, Humphrey swept the state; George Wallace tied McGovern for second place. In all-important Allegheny County, the popular vote for Wallace, who had made only one campaign appearance, was 84,000 to Humphrey's 87,000 and McGovern's 54,000. No one knows how many of the Allegheny County Wallace votes came from Steelworkers and how many of those will go to Nixon, but Coon is worried. "I think the Steelworkers' convention will have an adverse effect," he says. "If it had only been close—but it seemed to be an overwhelming vote. I'm concerned about that."

So was a Pittsburgh-area Steelworker, Morris Brummitt, president of Aliquippa Local 1211. One of twenty-six speakers in Las Vegas who favored endorsing McGovern (fifteen spoke against), Brummitt compared Nixon's 13 per cent record on voting "right" on labor's score card to McGovern's 93 per cent. But what McGovernites and party regulars are praying is that Baltimore's John Cobbs of USW District 8 was speaking for the majority of rank and filers everywhere when he said to the delegates: "What did McGovern do? He ruffled the feathers of some of the big shots. So they come down and tell us, 'Don't endorse nobody.' Little men with little minds with big jobs. . . ." Cobbs concluded his vituperations against the union's leadership by saying that McGovern's voting record alone is enough to deserve the Steelworkers' support.

Even with the USW formally neutral, the McGovern forces have gone after labor ardently. They have formed a statewide Labor for McGovern-Shriver Committee and won McGovern endorsements from thirty-four international unions, including the United Auto Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the ILGWU, Retail Clerks, Machinists and, of course, the left-activist Hospital Union, Local 1199. The building trades—rich, hawkish and generally bigoted—are either anti-McGovern or neutral, except for the Carpenters who, although usually conservative, surprisingly endorsed McGovern.

McGovern got his biggest labor boost in mid-September when Anthony Cortigene agreed to head the Philadelphia Labor Committee for McGovern-Shriver. Cortigene is not only president of the Philadelphia Joint Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers but is also considered the single most powerful labor leader in the city's politics. Although Cortigene was labor chairman for Rizzo's law-and-order mayoral campaign last year, and although he was in Washington with Rizzo talking to Nixon about money to solve the city's school-strike crisis on the same day that the McGovern people announced formation of the labor committee with himself at the head of it, Cortigene's position is not as ambiguous as one might think.

What best explains Cortigene's support and that of others ideologically incompatible with McGovernism—men such as Coon, Thiemann, Allegheny County Commissioner Chairman Leonard Staisey and most of the other Democratic regulars in the state—was the turnout at that Market Square rally. Except for the absent Mayor Flaherty, it was unity day. They were all on the platform: Mr. Old Politics himself, former Mayor Joe Barr; Commissioners Staisey and Tom Foerster; McGovern coordinator Mrs. Molly Yard Garrett, whose credentials in Left-liberal politics go far back into Pittsburgh history; and several labor captains. What they had formed, however, was not so much a mutual admiration as a mutual desperation society. For in Pittsburgh, and later in Philadelphia, the symbiosis of old and New Politics emerged. The organization had realized by then that it could no longer ignore lonesome George McGovern. The polls were showing that he was on the verge of handing Nixon a landslide victory large enough perhaps to sweep not only the Democratic majority out of Congress but also out of the Pennsylvania General Assembly. Not for the love of McGovern and his people but for self-preservation did the Democratic professionals and labor leaders join sticky hands with the McGovernites.

For their part, the McGovern forces took a look at the polls and suddenly understood—even if they had never read—the meaning of Sartre's *Les Mains Sales*. So they dirtied their hands by submitting somewhat to party discipline, in an attempt to get elected the man in whom they had invested so much idealism, time and ego.

McGovern himself showed his followers the way. In Philadelphia he promised to show Chairman Camiel the

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same respect that McGovern had shown Daley in Chicago. Camiel objected that McGovern's volunteers ignored the rest of the Democratic ticket, so McGovern reportedly directed his state coordinator Vick French to tell his people to campaign for the whole ticket. More likely, however, French, who has the political savvy to know that the ideological purity which won McGovern the nomination would not win him the White House, was able to use the Camiel-McGovern prodding to persuade his volunteer staff that they must regard the Democratic "pols" not as devils but as comrades in expediency. In Pittsburgh, similarly, Vic Papale "made direct efforts to educate our people to accept the regulars after the primary." On the regulars' side, Coon said, "When I came back from the convention, I laid it out to the McGovern coordinators that they'd have to work for the Democratic ticket. I told them they can't look down their noses at some people just because those people are part of a political organization. I told them that there are some who have been working in party politics longer than you are old."

That exigent confluence of mainstream and new-stream politics is precisely what is most interesting about the 1972 campaign. The question is not whether the volunteers will be soiled and "wiser" from organization contact or whether the professionals will learn something from the high-minded idealism of the volunteers. From talking with both sides, one feels with near certainty that the professionals will come out of it uncleansed and with some converts from the volunteers, the majority of whom are likely to retire to personal careers and leave politics to the professionals and the next generation of volunteer-challengers.

One can imagine with what cynicism, for example, those volunteers swallowed the replacement of the liberal Jewish middle-class state representative, Norman Berson, as chief coordinator of the McGovern campaign in Philadelphia. His replacement was Wendell Young, president of the Retail Clerks' union. Berson and Peter Camiel's organization had long been at ideological odds.

The Pittsburgh campaign has also fused regulars and McGovernites into a joint committee which includes Mrs. Garrett, Sheriff Coon, Commissioners Staisey and Foerster, and labor leader Joe Sabol. The McGovern headquarters in Pittsburgh expects to add four more paid staff workers to its present eight and to reach a total of about 5,000 volunteers this month. They work out of ten district offices, each with two telephones. Papale says that the campaign contributions are coming in, from such events as rock concerts, telephone solicitations, tea parties and gift shops. Chairman Coon, however, says the financial situation is bad.

On the Republican side, Richard Wright, Allegheny County chairman of the re-elect committee, says he has about 37,000 volunteers (compared to the McGovernites' 5,000) and hopes for 60,000. Wright claims to be spending about $100,000 in the county, raised mostly from volunteers, but admits that all his bills are paid by the Philadelphia re-elect committee which, in turn, gets its money from the national committee. His committee has twenty-two offices countywide plus four telephone banks of fourteen telephones each or 140 phones compared to McGovern's twenty or so.

The GOP strategy in Pennsylvania de-emphasizes television and billboards and relies on computerized information about every voter, whom it plans to reach by telephone, by knocking on every door and by sending every registered Republican a telegram just before the election.

Pennsylvania's Republicans, Democrats and McGovern volunteers all agree that the Republicans have the money and the White House and that, after the election, they will still have the money. Only the McGovern staff and volunteers across the state sound convincing when they say that they will have the White House after November 7. The organization Democrats—"and this is not for attribution"—will be satisfied if they still have their jobs. □

2. ILLINOIS

RALPH WHITEHEAD, Jr. & JOEL WEISMAN
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Chicago

Eugene Pokorny has already established himself as the ranking whiz kid of 1972's Presidential politics. Earlier this year, after eighteen months of quiet and patient work, he put together Wisconsin's corner-turning primary victory for his boss, George McGovern. He followed this up by returning to his home state of Nebraska—where he was born in a small Bohemian farming town twenty-six years ago—to manage another McGovern triumph. And, a few weeks before the Democratic National Convention, he moved on to Texas, where he scouted up a few eleventh-hour switches to the South Dakota Senator.

Yet, these earlier credits have served merely to establish Pokorny as the manager of McGovern's beleaguered campaign in Illinois. The state's importance is traditional and obvious. It carries twenty-six electoral votes; it's a swing state, and it swings indicatively: since 1900, only one candidate—Woodrow Wilson in 1916—lost Illinois but still won the Presidency. And its Democrats are of several stripes. Downstate counties are influenced by farm issues, the lingering Confederacy and the energetic political work of industrial unions—particularly the Steelworkers and the farm equipment locals of the United Auto Workers. The Democrats of the suburbs are burgeoning and splitting. Some have drifted into peace politics and its spin-offs; others are concerned as much or more by issues like bussing and public safety. Inside Chicago, Mayor Daley's organization, despite slippage, still rules. And this town is where Pokorny—while trying desperately to free himself to pull something together on a statewide basis—is beginning to age all too rapidly.

At the moment, the Chicago branch of the McGovern campaign still hangs by a single—local—issue. The war, disarmament, welfare spending, tax reform, the economy—

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these issues have yet to make themselves felt. Instead, inside Mayor Daley's organization—closer to its bottom than to its top, too—the issue is how to settle the score with McGovern for his having helped to give fifty-nine seats at the Democratic National Convention to enemies of the Chicago machine. It happened last July, but the organization's rank and file is still bitter.

Mayor Daley's delegate hassle was a two-step affair. As the first step, Alderman William Singer, a Democratic reformer, and Jesse Jackson, a civil rights independent, put together an official party challenge to the Mayor and fifty-eight organization-tied delegates. The Daley fifty-nine had been elected, legally and handsomely, for the most part, at Illinois' spring primary. However, the challengers found evidence of violations of the Democratic Party's newly reformed rules: secret meetings, slatings, electioneering and other abuses. Accordingly, Singer's group made its case to a hearing officer named by the Democratic National Committee. The officer's findings of fact upheld the challengers, and so did a subsequent vote on the challenge before the Credentials Committee of the convention. At this point, as the party rules go, those fifty-nine seats at Miami Beach were to be empty.

However, Singer's people determined to fill those seats themselves. They set up a citywide series of open meetings,

Interlandi, Los Angeles Times
"Who the Hell Needs Charisma!"

where Democratic voters were to elect representatives to Congressional district caucuses, where the substitute delegates were to be chosen. Abruptly, though, the Singerites canceled these meetings. Instead, they set up a handful of tiny and tightly controlled caucuses. There, using what must be fairly described as a bizarre system of balloting, they hand-picked the fifty-nine substitutes.

Mayor Daley's organization got wind of these all-but-secret caucuses. The Mayor's oldest son, Richard, and several trusted lieutenants, led thousands of precinct workers into the different Singer meetings. Their purpose was simply to make their organization's case: namely, we might have slipped up on some of the details of the reform rules, but, at least, our fifty-nine delegates *were* elected by almost a million Chicago voters, while your substitutes won't be able to make any such claim. As it happened, though, the Daley people wound up by shouting vainly into the angry gavelings of the Singerites. At one of the caucuses, too, a Daley ward leader may or may not have thrown a punch at a challenger; a newspaper photographer got shots of the confrontation, if not of an actual blow. Anyhow, the storm-trooperish echoes of the Daley operation spoke louder than the legitimacy of the organization's beef. The Singerites eventually steered their substitutes safely through the Miami floor fight, where McGovern gave them the votes to stay.

Afterward, McGovern's people naturally moved to make peace with the Mayor. Pokorny was dispatched to Chicago several weeks before Labor Day to begin making conciliatory noises to many of the organization's ward bosses. Scrupulously, he began to consult them on much of the McGovern work proceeding on their turf. Also, the Illinois staff quickly booked the Senator into a half-dozen appearances here, and Frank Mankiewicz guarantees that McGovern will return as many times again before Election Day. Mayor Daley, a stickler for high visibility by the top of the ticket, growled at Hubert Humphrey for neglecting Illinois four years ago. "Humphrey never devoted enough time to Illinois, personally or organizationally," concurs Pokorny, so McGovern isn't going to slip up on that score. And, hereabouts, the McGovern people say that Sargent Shriver got the second spot as a favor to Mayor Daley—not only because of the Kennedy tie but also because Shriver served until twelve years ago as the president of the Chicago Board of Education.

Nevertheless, the Chicago campaign is limping badly. The staff called a series of neighborhood meetings during August. The turnout was heartening, at first glance. However, a huge number of the volunteers thus enrolled were college students and they all trickled back to the campuses during September. Voter registration has been a disaster. Pokorny set a target of 100,000 registrants for one week last month. Fewer than 30,000 voters—roughly one-fifth of them under 21—signed up, and many of those were pulled together by the Daley organization (for its own purposes), and not by the McGovernites. They'll have another shot at registration this month. Experienced canvassing talent is extremely short. It has already been siphoned into other campaigns, particularly Daniel Walker's, for governor, and Republican Bernard Carey's for Cook County state's attorney. As a favor to Mayor Daley, Pokorny is skirting the doorbell-ringing reformers—the Independent Voters of Illinois, the Independent Precinct Organization—so there's little incentive for them to push enthusiastically for McGovern.

Finally, Pokorny is telling McGovern workers to help State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan. At the moment, Hanrahan is on trial for allegedly trying to frame the survivors of the 1969 raid on the Black Panthers. As a result, the

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State's Attorney is exceedingly unpopular among blacks and anathema to McGovern's natural base among Chicago's white liberals. Pokorny can answer their objections only by shrugging, "We support the straight Democratic ticket."

Despite all these attempts to appease Daley and his people, the July bitterness of the convention still lingers strongly inside the organization. Remarkably, Daley—not William Singer, not George McGovern—wound up by practicing a politics of participation during the scrap to fill those fifty-nine Chicago seats. For, thousands of the organization's foot soldiers did attend those steam-rollering caucuses. Consequently, they saw for themselves what was happening. They got their anger—and it was legitimate—at first hand. They didn't have to sit back and wait for the Mayor's command to begin to spout. And so these ward heelers have put their rage onto the organization's far-flung grapevine. Indeed, inside the organization, there's what amounts to a stampede of anti-McGovern opinion. "I've got a lot of runaway precinct captains on my hands," concedes one ward boss. "'And it's too late to turn them around—even if I want to."

Pragmatically, the Mayor needs to turn his troops around. For, if the national ticket runs weakly, it will jeopardize the state and county tickets, where the organization's fortunes lie. After winning the Democratic primary as an insurgent, Walker has put up some strong bridges to the Mayor. The polls show him running well, although Gov. Richard Ogilvie, a scrambler, has suddenly created for himself a powerful campaign presence through advertising and volunteer work. However, the other state candidates are troubled. (For example, Rep. Roman Pucinski desperately trails Sen. Charles Percy, who seems to be running less against the Democrats than against Richard Nixon—that is, Percy would like to set up his 1976 chances by running well ahead of the President.) As they have begun to shop for help downstate, they've turned inevitably to McGovern, because his farm record reads well there. These candidates may draw closer to the Senator inside Cook County (where they could help *him*), but they haven't so far. And Daley's county slate—led by the embattled Hanrahan and backed up by Circuit Court Clerk Matthew Danaher, a long-time protégé of the Mayor—is also faltering. Democratic ward leaders are now worrying not only about the threat of a GOP landslide but also about an even worse prospect for the organization, a wild spree of ticket-splitting. Says Edward Vrdolyak, Democratic leader of the polyglot 10th Ward, where Chicago's huge steel mills are located: "I'm afraid my people are gonna go into that voting booth, pull the curtain, and start to *dance*!"

Chicago already proves this much: the organizational wizardry of the McGovern campaign was drastically overrated. Granted, it plowed its way skillfully through the primaries. There, though, it could move ahead a state at a time. After a careful year of groundwork in key states, the primary campaign could move across the country like a barnstorming troupe. McGovern could pour a lot of manpower and money and his own time into a single primary, set up his tents virtually overnight, play to a winning house, and then strike camp and hurtle on to the next state. Consequently, it was never a *national* campaign—it was simply a string of local campaigns. As soon as it tried to establish itself nationally after the convention, it spread itself too thin. Presumably the remedy for this was to begin searching for strong ribs—labor, big-city organizations—to build into the pre-convention spine. In Chicago, this bit of political surgery hasn't come off.

A few weeks ago, Gene Pokorny could say confidently, "The White House is the whole ball game. All the glamour, the excitement, the high stakes—they come with the Presidential campaign. People have *got* to be drawn by it, and they will be. We'll get all the help we need." So far, his prediction has been absolutely wrong. □

3. MISSOURI

STEPHEN DARST
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St. Louis

Immediately after Missouri's junior Senator, Thomas F. Eagleton, dropped from the Democratic national ticket, Missouri voters had for George McGovern all the warm feeling of a father whose favorite daughter has been jilted by a man whom the father originally detested, but whom he had gradually come to tolerate.

The leaders of the Democratic Party in Missouri had been for Sen. Edmund S. Muskie early. Sens. Stuart Symington and Eagleton and Gov. Warren E. Hearnes made a joint endorsement announcement for Muskie before Muskie formally announced his candidacy. When he faltered, to the point that his name was not even placed in nomination in Miami, Senators Eagleton and Symington voted for McGovern; Governor Hearnes, feeling to the end that McGovern was not Missouri's kind of candidate, went for Senator Jackson.

There was gloom in the Missouri delegation when McGovern won. For the first time since 1940 the Republicans have a chance of capturing the governorship, and it was felt that McGovern would seriously harm a state ticket that needed all the help it could get. When McGovern chose Eagleton as his running mate, the atmosphere turned euphoric for ten days: with Eagleton on the ticket both the national and state slates were in good shape in Missouri.

Then Eagleton went off the ticket and McGovern's stock plunged to new lows. Eagleton, very popular even before what has become known as "the Eagleton affair," has come home to several tumultuous welcomes in recent weeks. And, principally because of Eagleton's lack of bitterness toward McGovern, and because he has used his popularity to swing Missouri voters behind both the national and state tickets, the Democrats are looking a little healthier.

Senator Eagleton's half-brother, Kevin Eagleton, a recent Stanford graduate who worked for McGovern in Cali-

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fornia early in the campaign, has been giving full time as Missouri outstate director for McGovern. He told me that as recently as a month ago the national headquarters was determined not to waste resources on a hopeless situation in Missouri.

"After Tom went off the ticket, the McGovern people gave up on Missouri," Kevin Eagleton said. "I was going to work in California. But then in mid-August they decided to put together an organization here. Since Labor Day, McGovern has definitely been on the upturn. His chances? I couldn't say precisely. But he now has a fighting chance. I've been outstate this week and farmers are mad about the wheat deal. The ITT affair is too far away from them. Watergate is too wild. The wheat issue—what they see as a situation in which farmers lose money they should rightfully have gotten, while some speculators with inside information make a killing—that they can relate to. And they're mad."

Reporters and observers agree that McGovern is doing better, but he has a long way to come. For one thing, he has special problems in Missouri in addition to the Eagleton affair. McDonnell Douglas has headquarters in St. Louis and McGovern has come out against McDonnell's F-15. Amnesty is a very emotional issue. McGovern's original welfare proposals were unpopular and when he modified them he looked (particularly in conjunction with the Vice Presidential fiasco) like a very uncertain man.

In modern times Missouri has voted with the winner of the Presidential race each time except for the second Eisenhower campaign. If the election were held today the feeling is that President Nixon would carry the state. But McGovern shows signs of progress. □

CANADIAN MEDICARE

CAN WE USE A PLAN THAT GOOD?

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Toronto

As proposals to set up a comprehensive medical care system go forward in the United States, more and more Americans look to Canada as a model. The U.S. Government has subsidized American university research to study different aspects of the Canadian health care system, and at its November meeting in Atlantic City, the American Public Health Association will devote a session to "issues arising from the experience of the Canadian health insurance programs."

Why is Canada singled out from the vast number of countries whose health services are available for the United States to emulate? Mainly, I suppose, because it is a nearby, familiar place that has been supplying doctors and nurses to the American market for years. People south of the border naturally wonder whether Canadian Medicare can be imported too.

But Americans who set themselves to learning how and why the Canadian health-care system works must also bear in mind that, with respect to its politics and the temper of its people, Canada *is* different. It isn't just the spelling or the fact that schoolchildren learn "a pint of water weighs a pound and a quarter" instead of "a pint's a pound the whole world round." The differences are big enough to make me wonder whether the Canadian health-care system, admirable as it may be, could exist in an American context.

Canada is a confederation of ten provinces, plus the Yukon and Northwest Territories. Whether or not it is a loose confederation depends on who is Prime Minister at the time and which province we are talking about. The British North America Act of 1867, which serves as a Constitution, explicitly identifies health as a provincial responsibility and—as in the United States—the national government deals itself in by providing money. Federal-provincial revenue sharing is the key to the political structure in all areas. The national government levies income taxes, roughly one-third of which are earmarked for the provinces. The provinces also receive federal grants for specific programs, and can raise revenue independently with sales taxes and fees of various kinds; in the case of health, they may collect insurance premiums if they so wish. Sharing out the revenue involves federal-provincial conferences, at which the national leaders try to jockey the provincial ones into line. Premiers of poor provinces are usually docile; those from provinces that put more into the national treasury than they receive from it tend to go their own way. There is usually a "special arrangement" for Quebec.

If by Medicare we mean outpatient or physician care, organized government programs were pioneered by the old Socialist (CCF) government of Saskatchewan in the 1940s. The present-day system results from soundings taken by a Royal Commission on Health Services that was appointed by a Conservative Prime Minister (Diefenbaker), and reported to a Liberal (Pearson), with final legislation coming from another Liberal (Trudeau). The national legislation permitted the provinces to set up Medicare programs and provided for federal cost-sharing when they did. The provinces came into line in the usual order—Saskatchewan had its program off and running five years before the national legislation was passed; Ontario came in after the fact, and with obvious reluctance that it could not do its own thing instead; Quebec, after something of a confrontation between the government and the doctors, entered last and with a set of radical proposals for organizing health care that will be described below.

Even in the larger cities, Canadian politics is a partici-

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patory matter. The provincial constituencies (ridings) are small, and anyone who really wants to can know his member personally. Sometimes the ordinary member of parliament (national or provincial) finds that he has little to do except act as a sensor of local opinion. As a backbencher he has no real say in deciding policy, nor is he free to vote against his party's position on major issues. From the point of view of executive decision making, it is a convenient system. It could be brutally undemocratic in the wrong hands, but that is where the nature of the people comes in. No law forces a Prime Minister to resign if he loses a vote of confidence, but he usually does. A government with a heavy majority does not really have to worry about public opinion until close to election time, but nonetheless it does. A few months ago, the Ontario government (elected with a big majority and no election in sight for three or four years) decided to drop a $150 Ontario scholarship that was given to certain outstanding students. There was a howl in the newspapers, and within days the minister in question performed a rapid about-face, postponing the cut to the following year.

At the administrative level, rules and regulations never seem to be as tightly construed in Canada as in the United States, and more concessions are made for the sake of good will or convenience. People who go out of their way to be nice can be found as clerks in Medicare offices, or working in hospitals, as elsewhere in Canadian society. They are no more efficient or diligent than their opposite numbers in other countries, but they are more accommodating. Perhaps they can afford to be, in a country where people are fairly apt to be law-abiding and not out to "beat the system."

Even organized interest groups show this accommodating tendency. Despite the continuing rise in the cost of living, the Ontario Medical Association at its meeting last May decided to postpone any discussion of increases in the fee schedule to 1974. A surprising number of doctors actually feel a bit uncomfortable about the amount of money they have been making (as much from harder work as from higher fees) since Medicare came in.

Here is how the Canadian health-care system works. A few weeks ago I had to consult a doctor. I might have gone to a family doctor (the number of general practitioners, though declining, is still large), but I am a patient of the Family Practice Service at the Toronto General Hospital, mainly because it is a four-minute walk from my office. The doctor examined me (the clinic gives an appointment every fifteen minutes, which is a more leisurely pace than is maintained in most office practice, and as a first visit this one lasted a half hour), took some blood samples and wrote a prescription.

No money changed hands, except that I paid the hospital pharmacy 65¢ for an item that would have cost $1.50 at retail. The doctor submitted a claim for this visit in his monthly statement to the Medicare plan. If it had happened to be included in the sample audit, I would have been asked to verify the service provided. Computerized "practice profiles" are also used to identify errors and cheating, and disciplinary sanctions include payment of the doctor at a reduced rate. The fee for each procedure is set in a schedule prepared by the Ontario Medical Association. By "opting in" to the Medicare plan, doctors agree to accept 90 per cent of the fee schedule as payment in full. Doctors who "opt out" face collection problems, since the province then pays the patient directly, and most doctors prefer the 90 per cent. Fee schedules, originally promulgated unilaterally by medical societies, are increasingly matters for "collective bargaining" with provincial Ministries of Health.

The cost of the laboratory work indicated for me was met out of the hospital budget. That is approved each year in advance by negotiation between the hospital and the province, and in recent years the province has used a "global budget" in which they give a lump sum of money to each hospital to cover increased costs, new services, etc., and the hospital administration decides how it is to be spent. If I had gone to a private laboratory, the pathologist would have billed Medicare at the rate set for these tests in the OMA fee schedule. The fee separates the "technical" and "professional" components; the pathologist, for example, would be paid the entire amount if all the work had been done in his office, but only the "professional component" if all he did was produce a report on a test made elsewhere.

For all physician and hospital services (there is no ceiling on medically indicated treatment) a single individual in Ontario pays a premium of $132 per year and a family twice that amount. Roughly one-half of the actual cost is met by the federal government (poorer provinces get more and the richer ones less) and the remainder comes from provincial tax sources. Premiums are lower in most provinces than in Ontario and the tax contribution is consequently higher. The total cost per capita is probably a bit more than $250 per year now; the 1972 figure is not yet available. The premium in Ontario is high enough so that a surplus is accumulating; this, under the name of the Health Resources Fund, helps to support medical education in the province. In aggregative terms, Canadians are devoting 5.5 to 6 per cent of gross national product to health care, compared with perhaps 0.5 per cent more in the United States, though it's hard to be precise because the definitions vary.

When an affluent country like Canada undertakes to provide its people with comprehensive health care, the first flush of enthusiasm tends to result in overspending. Canada may have slightly fewer physicians per capita (one active, practicing physician per thousand) than does the United States, but there is no acute sense of shortage in most of the country, although nurse-practitioners are being trained for service in remote and sparsely populated areas. There are, if anything, too many general hospital beds, and bed targets are being lowered rather than raised. This involves the closing of small and uneconomical institutions and a general rise in standards of care offered by the remainder.

In an attempt to rationalize the operation of the health-care system and control the inevitable rising costs, a number of shifts are taking place. Nursing homes are being taken into the hospital-care system in more and more provinces; home-care programs are being developed. Hostels are being put up to lodge patients in experimental programs of day surgery and for other types of

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care. There is also a growing feeling that an organized system of outpatient care (patterned somewhat after existing community clinics) may be able to handle a still greater number of patients on an ambulatory basis, and further reduce the hospital bill. Such economies, of course, can be realized only when unneeded hospital facilities can be shut down or converted, in phase with declining demand.

Canadian Medicare can still be viewed as in a transitional period, with public financing, but with traditional kinds of health-care institutions and styles of practice persisting. Reorganization and consolidation of the system is beginning, however, and perhaps the proposals for Quebec give a foretaste of the future. The Quebec plan is based on establishing a provincial network of local health centers where it is felt that primary physician care on an outpatient basis, under the same roof with social and family services, will meet 85 per cent of all health-care requirements. These centers are linked with hospitals for specialist services, and finally with the university hospitals in Montreal, Quebec City and Sherbrooke, for "super-specialty" service.

About a dozen centers are already in operation, staffed largely by enthusiastic younger doctors who have accepted "sessional payments" rather than a fee-for-service arrangement. The planners hope that all general practitioners will be practicing on a salaried basis in health centers within fifteen years.

Local administrative boards, with professional and community representation, report to regional boards that cover both health centers and hospitals. The old religious and voluntary hospitals, with their independent boards of trustees, have "gone public," though not without a struggle. The more prosperous medical specialists (particularly the English-speaking ones, who would have no trouble finding jobs elsewhere) are resisting the pressure to change their style of practice, and Quebec Medicare still makes provision for fee payment on the traditional basis. The new program, while comprehensive so far as medical care is concerned, has been criticized for making insufficient provision for public health activities.

In the Canadian system of "unity in diversity" no province can go it alone, and the federal government has recently tried to control rising costs by limiting its financial commitment for health. Basically, the proposal is to freeze the federal contribution in an early year, and thereafter to tie increases to (*1*) growth in population; (*2*) ability to pay, as measured by increases in gross national product; and (*3*) a modest additional "thrust fund" that can be concentrated on specific programs which the Department of National Health and Welfare wishes to stimulate in the provinces. After considerable discussion, and the adoption of a compromise formula whereby no province will receive less than it gets under present arrangements, it looks as if this formula will be accepted.

While medical and hospital care have been made widely available, there are still worrisome gaps in coverage. In provinces that collect premiums—even in token amounts—those of the poor are paid by welfare (Ontario also charges no premium to persons over 65), but some people still are not covered. These may be healthy young adults employed in firms too small to come under the formal collection mechanism, who gamble on continuing good health by not paying their premiums. Some may let their payments lapse because of forgetfulness or senility. The administrative tendency is to "forgive and forget" and to grant coverage provided that individuals able to do so pay their delinquent premiums. After all, the system was set up to provide benefits rather than to show a profit.

Outpatient prescription drugs are a sore point because, for many individuals, they are the only out-of-pocket expense for health care. Drugs for hospital inpatients are covered by the hospital budget, and hospital pharmacies sell to their registered outpatients at or near cost, but the average person who sees a doctor in his own office must pay for the prescription either directly or through membership in a voluntary insurance program. Deductible drug insurance of 25¢ and 50¢ has become a popular fringe benefit in collective bargaining.

Finally, dental care is not covered. The dental profession in Canada is much more wedded to free enterprise than is the medical profession, and there is a scarcity of dentists—only one for more than 3,000 Canadians. Also, geographic disparities are severe. Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver and other big cities may approach the U.S. ratio of dentists to population, but some communities of 15,000 or 20,000 receive no dental services except for the periodic visits of the Northern Ontario dental train or similar peripatetic practitioners. Despite the shortage, dentists have shown reluctance to grant hygienists greater responsibility, or to accept intermediate level personnel on the lines of the New Zealand dental nurse. Since dental schools are few and have high professional standards, the personnel to deliver mass dental care will have to come from the ranks of hygienists and technicians, and for the present "denticare" cannot be considered because the workload could not be handled. There has also been a recent flap in Ontario over "denturists," who bypass the dentist and sell false teeth directly to the public at lower prices; this practice is now to be legalized.

The other major gap is posed by geography. Some communities are too small to keep even one doctor fully employed, and current opinion would base medical services on catchment areas of 5,000 to 6,000, the minimum that could justify a medical group of three doctors and supporting staff, plus a small community hospital. Nurse-practitioners and nurse-midwives are being trained for outpost duty in areas where public health nurses have served for many years. But when the weather is bad and planes cannot land, when communities cannot be reached during break-up in the spring and freeze-up in the fall, when auroral disturbances knock out the radio link, there are limits to what even the best-trained nurses can do unsupported. Finally, at the periphery of settlement, there are small clusters of Indian or Eskimo families whose access to medical care is limited to the drug chest administered by their chief, or possibly by a clergyman, a storekeeper or a Mountie.

The arrival of Medicare in the different provinces provides a fascinating spectrum ranging from painful confrontation to painless transition. In Saskatchewan,

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when province-wide Medicare was proposed in 1962 after two decades of build-up, there was substantial physician opposition to some of the government's proposed regulations. This culminated in a doctors' strike. Before the dust had settled, a lot of ill will had been generated. However, the final system was not so far removed from the proposals that had provoked the strike, and a community clinic movement had been pioneered by doctors who refused to join the strike.

Eight years later, the province of Quebec seemed to be moving toward very much the same kind of showdown, with the government sticking to every clause of its original proposal. A strike of medical specialists, in this case without the support of many general practitioners, ended abruptly when the flurry of FLQ violence occurred —proving once again that nationalism is a very efficient distraction from the gut issues.

In Ontario, the old physician-sponsored plans were liquidated when Medicare came in, and the provincial government was deprived of their accumulated experience. Private insurance companies were used as carriers on a temporary basis, and administration was not consolidated in a single provincial program until April 1972. By contrast, when Medicare started in Nova Scotia, the physician-sponsored plan (Maritime Medical Services, Inc.) simply began to report to a provincial medical-care commission rather than to its previous board of directors, and the main problem was the mechanical one of shifting from the manual processing of 60,000 claims per month to the computer processing of four times that number.

In most provinces that transition was relatively painless, and a number of reasons may be adduced. In the first place, the physical effect of the change was small. People had already been covered by provincial hospital plans for at least ten years, and when Medicare was introduced through national legislation a number of provinces already had comprehensive Medicare (as in Saskatchewan), a limited public program (as in the Cottage Hospital system of Newfoundland), or flourishing schemes sponsored by the medical profession or private insurance companies. This meant that the physician workload did not rise inordinately, although doctors are somewhat busier today. The need for additional physicians that did arise was met by expanding medical school enrollment, building new medical schools, and attracting physicians from abroad—mainly from other Commonwealth countries. In general, immigration requirements for doctors are less stringent in Canada than in the United States, and the provinces that feel the greatest need make it relatively easy for a qualified foreign physician to set up practice.

The emotional adjustment of the medical profession was not particularly difficult in most cases. Doctors were already accustomed to the billing requirements and control measures of insurance companies and professionally sponsored medical-care plans. Comprehensive Medicare was generally viewed for what it was—a change in the payment mechanism, rather than a threat to the professional independence of practitioners, though there were inevitably a few holdouts.

By and large, organized medicine proved amenable to reason. Physicians took their responsibilities for health care seriously, and learned early that there was more to be gained from cooperation with government than from blind opposition. Some provincial medical societies are clearly stuffier and more conservative than others, but the Canadian Medical Association is a far more progressive body than its American counterpart.

Group practices and community clinics have been around too long to be called experimental, but innovative changes continue to crop up. The typical Canadian medical group—more common in the west than in the east—comprises from five to nine doctors, usually general practitioners or some combination of general practice with internal medicine, and one or two other specialties. The group is usually physician-sponsored, and the original members put up the capital (or borrow) to set up a small management company that owns the premises. A partnership agreement specifies how the income of the group is to be distributed—most commonly in some relation to the billings generated by each member, but sometimes a flat sum like an annual salary. Groups are popular among doctors because they provide more leisure time and the chance to get away for vacations and refresher courses, and among patients because they usually maintain a duty roster so that a doctor is always available in case of need.

The most common type of "community clinic" differs from the physician-sponsored group mainly in the existence of a board that owns and manages the premises. The medical practice is much the same as with other groups, although community clinics are more likely to undertake health education and preventive work and to provide ancillary staff such as social workers or psychologists.

Occasionally consumer-sponsored groups have been started on the American "prepaid group practice" model. These have found it hard to maintain membership loyalty, and thus to raise capital, because the "members" are free to go to any other doctor they wish, since the bill will still be paid by Medicare. Experiments are currently going on with formulas whereby the provincial government pays such groups a "capitation" amount per member. The group then contracts to provide total medical care for its members and to meet their outside doctor bills. This, it is hoped, will result in savings because the consumer-involvement groups have been found in a number of studies to have lower hospitalization rates than other forms of practice.

A few medical practices have taken the form of true community enterprises offering a range of medical and social welfare services, with the entire operation under the control of consumer-directors. Problems have arisen when low-income consumers were confronted with the cost of hiring physicians at six or seven times their own income level, and when the physicians felt that the consumers were not competent to make technical judgments.

Other experiments that are being tested include the use of nurse-midwives and nurse-practitioners not only for outpost service but in settings where they either screen cases for physicians or share their practices. Public health

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nurses have in some areas been attached to solo or group practices for follow-up and home-visiting assignments. Hospital-based practices and home-care programs are other approaches. There have been experiments that get double mileage out of psychiatric institutions by running day-care programs for one group of patients and night care for those who "work out but sleep in."

Canadian experience shows that a country can provide medical and hospital care for its population through public financial mechanisms while at first leaving the structure of private fee-for-service medical practice largely untouched. The same could be said for a number of countries in Western Europe.

Canada, among other countries, is now entering a period of administrative consolidation and reorganization of health-care services, stimulated by the politicians' apprehensions about rising costs. New questions are being raised about traditional structures like hospital boards of trustees, local boards of health, and fee for service. It cannot yet be forecast whether this second transition will be painless or will involve another round of confrontation in some provinces. Once again, Canada is not alone; rethinking and reorganization of service is going on in Britain, Denmark, Sweden and a number of other countries.

As to whether the Canadian, or the more general Western, model of Medicare can be adopted in the United States, some questions remain to be answered. Canadian political parties have all, to a substantial degree, espoused the welfare state. In the parliamentary system of government, the party in power typically commands the votes necessary to pass legislation that has been drafted as a "complete package," with technical considerations in mind. The vast majority of voters of all parties support the health-care system, and that has been the indispensable factor. Has anything approaching this voter or politician consensus been reached in the United States? Could a technically satisfactory Medicare plan be adopted under the adversary system of a contending legislature and Executive?

Canadian experience shows that some restraint can be placed on hospital costs through budget control. The freedom provided under "global budgeting" is mainly the freedom of the hospital to choose where it will cut back when the financial situation is tight. Would American state and voluntary hospitals be willing to give up their autonomy to operate under similar constraints?

Canadian experience shows that physicians' fees can also be restrained. It is possible because the medical societies had detailed fee schedules in the first instance, because fees are now discussed or actually negotiated with public authorities, and because both sides are reasonably cooperative and continue to communicate with each other. If the doctors did not go along with the system, it could not work; if it were open-ended the cost would be prohibitive. Are American doctors and their professional associations similarly disposed?

The major Canadian insurance companies lost a lucrative field of business when Medicare came in. They did some advertising and some lobbying for their side, but failed. (Incidentally, in Manitoba and Saskatchewan the government has also taken over automobile insurance, and the new NDP government in British Columbia will presumably do so soon.) What is the relative bargaining strength of insurance companies and government in the United States?

Of all these points, I think that the need for consensus is the most important. Consensus was achieved in Canada, as it was in other countries around the world. The prospects for Medicare in the United States are just as good or bad as the prospects for consensus. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 354)*

that the living conditions of the millions of Mexicans did not improve, if in fact they did not worsen. Today this is almost doctrine among Mexican economists, sociologists, and a great many politicians. And not least among the latter is the Mexican President himself, Luis Echeverría.

He is attempting to reconstitute the whole emphasis of the Mexican economy into a two-pronged new direction involving the construction of housing for the people and the solution of some of the major problems of the farm population. In this specific part of his program he deserves support.

Roosevelt had that kind of support from the Left in the first five years of his New Deal. It probed, pushed, innovated and selflessly constructed in the fight against unemployment, for jobless pay, Social Security, industrial unionism and many other building blocks that made the New Deal viable. . . .

President Echeverría does not have such a driving force. Mr. Hougan's prayerful hopes that it will spring from the anarchistic hedonism of a hippie estate transformed into a realistic revolutionary movement are self-deceptive. Youth, yes; but not frivolous hair stylists. Nor even romantic bank robbers. A serious Left is needed in Mexico—cohesive, determined, resourceful, and with more than just pragmatic understanding. . . . It is not quite in sight on the Mexican scene, but necessity cannot delay too long in creating its instruments.

Leo Fenster

unintended slur

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Somewhere in the journey between manuscript and print, a sentence in my review of Mary McCarthy's *Medina* [*The Nation*, Sept. 18] was transformed by the editor into an inadvertent, but nonetheless scurrilous political slur. Taking exception to Miss McCarthy's treatment of "far Left" critics of the trials, I originally wrote: "It is hardly enough merely to dodge the problem of political responsibility by shaking her finger at some confused polemicists to her left, especially since it was *they*, whatever their ideological limitations, who were 'right from the beginning.'" This sentence somehow reached print as "She dodges the problem of political responsibility by shaking her finger at some confused polemicists to her left, especially since it was *they*, whatever their ideological limitations, who were 'right from the start.'" Of course, the implication—it is entirely inaccurate and unjust—is that Miss McCarthy makes the attack on these people *because* they took an early position against the war. Nothing could have been further from my intention; I hope most readers had the good sense to reject the sentence as patently absurd. I cannot explain this error, but it deeply mortifies me, and I offer Miss McCarthy my heartfelt apology. It is exactly this kind of casual slander which so exacerbates the issues which her book, and my review, attempt to elucidate.

Stephen Koch

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Will and Instinct, Order and Sensibility

CAMUS AND SARTRE: Crisis and Commitment. *By Germaine Brée. The Delacorte Press. 287 pp. $7.95. Paper $2.45.*

WALLACE FOWLIE
Mr. Fowlie is James B. Duke Professor of French at Duke University. He has just finished a history of French literature to be published by Prentice-Hall.

For twenty years, approximately between 1940 and 1960, the names of Sartre and Camus were constantly linked, as if together they represented their age. This is something of a French tradition. Rabelais and Montaigne describe the Renaissance, Corneille and Racine the 17th century, Voltaire and Rousseau the Enlightenment. Today, twelve years later, twelve years after Camus' death, he already belongs to literary history, and Sartre stands more clearly by himself in a series of events that have kept his name persistently in the public press: his denunciation of the United States for continuing the Vietnamese War, his refusal of the Nobel Prize, his refusal to deliver promised lectures at Cornell University and the YMHA in New York, his support of the student rebellion in 1968, his distributing the Maoist student paper, *La Cause du Peuple*, on street corners in Paris in 1970, the publication of his two-volume work on Flaubert, *Idiot of the Family*, in 1971. Everything he says or does is reported and interpreted. The many subjective interpretations of Sartre's writings and sociopolitical involvements present a figure of paradox and contradiction.

Professor Brée's book avoids as much as is humanly possible a subjective interpretation. She does favor the personality and the thought of Camus, but she is meticulous in the account she gives of the friendship that joined the two men, of the controversies that separated them, and particularly of the very great differences in their temperament and outlook and philosophy. They are fundamentally so different that there seems to be no reason to couple their names any longer, and no need to feel that a reader has to choose between them. Germaine Brée rehearses all the reasons why their names were so often joined during and after the Occupation of Paris (1941-44), and then she undertakes to explore the reasons for their disagreements, and to characterize their particular contributions to French thought and letters.

Jean-Paul Sartre's intellect appears, still today, prodigious. Albert Camus, in the sympathetic review of his life work that Germaine Brée gives us, appears essentially as the searcher for wisdom, as the man holding out hope for happiness even if that goal seems precarious and difficult to reach. Both men were deeply concerned with the injustices that characterize our modern world, with the power of the state and man's freedom, with the difference between revolt and revolution, and with the choice between nonviolence and systematic violence.

What emerges most clearly in Germaine Brée's study in contrasts is the picture of Camus as the seeker after a modest truth but one that is authentically human. Meursault the outsider and Sisyphus his brother in myth both illustrate the inevitable break between man and the world. They demonstrate the strangeness of man's presence in the world and the absurdity of the human condition. At several points in her book, Mme. Brée reminds us that Camus was the Mediterranean man, the Frenchman who grew up in Algeria, and who had once known a rapturous marriage with nature (*Noces*). This had happened to Camus the sensualist before he had experienced the strangeness of his condition in the world of men. That early mystical marriage left its mark upon him. He will never cease trying to exhaust "the field of the possible." This phrase from an ode of Pindar is used as an epigraph to Valéry's *Marine Cemetery* as well as by Camus in *The Myth of Sisyphus*. Pindar, Valéry, Camus —all three of them Mediterranean spirits, were married to the sea and the sun, and avoided extremes of action and thought, but cultivated in themselves, above all, lucidity of thought and enjoyment of the senses. Each part of man's nature has its special demands.

Sartre is not that type of man. His work is vast, and as always in a work of such dimensions and in a lifetime that is long, there are evidences of inconsistency and contradiction. Germaine Brée analyzes some of these evidences. And yet, the extraordinary unity of Sartre's thought makes his inconsistencies seem minor and pardonable. Sartre's particular way of apprehending ideas and facts, his attentiveness through the years to important causes, and the vigor of his denunciations and approbations explain why he is still today for so many in France and abroad the greatest living Frenchman.

He has always claimed that the existence of men is unjustified, that we are the sons of no one and that we must move ahead toward new horizons. There is nothing behind us. Ahead of us is the future which has to be created by us. The usual beliefs that support our life are for Sartre fetishes that have little meaning for the existentialist: God, the fatherland, immortality, our lost Paradise. His is a militant philosophy in which man is his own master and whose conscience is his relationship with the world. His conscience is constantly secreting his freedom.

In *Présentation des Temps Modernes* of 1945, a text often referred to by Professor Brée, there are significant passages on freedom in which Sartre summarizes his conclusions that man does not do what he wants to do but he is responsible for what he is. The Pharisee or the *salaud* is the type of man who, according to Sartre, denies freedom. (The word "cad," used in Mme. Brée's book to translate *salaud*, is far too weak.) At times when she is concentrated on defining some of the major concepts of Sartre, she composes such strong, exact formulas, that one has the impression she has forgotten the confrontation or the comparison she is making.

Sartre is the last of the great system builders. Mme. Brée places him at the end of a list of eminences which includes: Spengler, Teilhard de Chardin, St.-John Perse, Tillich, Focillon, Malraux. And she finds no such achievement, no such quest for a coherent intellectual order in Camus. Both are men of letters, writers of novels and plays and essays, who are also interpreters of a common experience. Other countries do not have this strong tradition of France where the literary writer is often the leading spokesman on matters political, social, historical and philosophical.

If Sartre's philosophy teaches that the human self exists apart and in hostile confrontation with everything else, his life has never ceased demonstrating his willingness to take a firm position on issues of the day, both national and international. Camus always tended to be

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less involved than Sartre. He remained more purely the writer motivated by the desire to communicate his deep moral revulsions. This basic difference in degrees of involvement led to Camus' confrontation with Sartre. Its most explosive moment came at the time of the publication of Camus' essay *The Rebel* (1951). The book was not attacked directly by Sartre but by Francis Jeanson, a friend of Sartre and one of the contributors to Sartre's magazine *Les Temps Modernes*. Jeanson's article helped to create the image of Camus as a utopian dreamer, who, when faced with facts of political violence, refused to engage in any action. Mme. Brée has accumulated and organized all the historical data concerning the controversy over *The Rebel*.

To many of us, *The Rebel* seems a weak book. Mme. Brée valiantly tries to rehabilitate it. She is justified in attempting this because of the importance of the word *la révolte* in this existentialist vocabulary. *La révolte* is evidence of man's being in the world. It is the commonplace of our behavior. It is that action by which man imposes a limitation on nihilism.

Mme. Brée is critical of Sartre's text of 1947, *What Is Literature?* and describes some of the formulations as being "peremptory." And yet this text, more than any other, is Sartre's analysis of how a writer can become a man in, through and for history. Sartre has no intention of pleasing his readers, but is resolved, rather, to irritate and upset them. This would seem to be his definition of *littérature de la praxis*, or *littérature engagée*. *Praxis* would be that sense of action that allows Sartre to bridge the gap between his mental world and the real world outside of himself.

Mme. Brée is most sympathetic to the sacrifice Sartre made of literature. Gradually, as he felt the need to help reform the world, Sartre gave up this ambition of literature which both he and Camus had as young men. Whatever cause he took up—the defense of Jean Genet, of Jews, of blacks, of Communists—he saw himself as a man engaged in the adventure of his future. □

Adventures of the Principia

BERTRAND RUSSELL. *By A. J. Ayer. The Viking Press. 151 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.25.*

MARTIN LEBOWITZ
Mr. Lebowitz has contributed to The Journal of Philosophy, The Kenyon Review *and other publications, and to two anthologies:* The Critics' Notebook *(University of Minnesota) and* The Kenyon Critics *(World).*

Russell's most imaginative doctrine, and the one that connects British empiricism with the speculative requirements of science, is the idea that the elements of experience are neither mental nor physical but something more "primitive." This doctrine is called neutral monism and implies that experience consists of sensibilia—"neutral stuff"—which enter into the constitution of both minds and bodies, together with images and feelings which enter only into the constitution of minds. The doctrine is speculative in that it leads to a belief in "events" which tends to replace both materialism and idealism. Thus A. J. Ayer remarks that, to the extent that minds and bodies consist of common elements, they are differentiated by the participation of these elements in different groups, conforming to different laws. Indeed, the concept of neutral monism appears to mean that the ultimate organization of experience or existence, and the objects of speculative thought, are formal—logical and mathematical. In consequence, this belief, which occurs in *The Analysis of Mind*, can be viewed as an aspect of the Platonism that Russell had supposedly renounced at the time the book was published in 1921. Ayer shows, however, that Russell actually equivocates between this position and the belief that physical objects are inferred entities rather than logical constructions.

Russell's other major metaphysical doctrine is "logical atomism," the belief that discourse or experience is reducible to simple or indivisible facts. This is the main point of agreement between him and his pupil, Wittgenstein. Russell says, for example, "That the world contains facts, which are what they are whatever we may choose to think about them" is an obvious truism. But this is an opinion that Wittgenstein, evidently under the influence of idealism or relativism, ultimately refused to accept. What has been described as the solipsism of Wittgenstein's final philosophy expresses more than the profound temperamental difference between the two men: philosophers can be significantly, though in a less than absolute sense, divided into the camps that Russell and Wittgenstein respectively represent. (The opposition is less than absolute because of the varying emphasis that may be placed on the role of rational or logical construction; in Wittgenstein's case, the emphasis appears unlimited.) Indeed, the element of logical or linguistic construction in the following formulation of Russell, "an event consists in the location of a group of qualities in some small region of space-time, the regions of space-time being themselves constructed . . . out of relations between groups of qualities," suggests that the difference between Russell and Wittgenstein may, in their ultimate beliefs, have been less than is commonly supposed.

It is an interesting question whether our modern alienation and aggression are inherent in the essentially romantic tendency to interpret reality as a symbolic construction. ("Romantic" might be defined as referring to those beliefs, like historicism, in which the factor of motivation is crucial or decisive.) Also, there may be a psychological relation between the systematic tendency of contemporary experience and, for example, the egoism or solipsism of Wittgenstein or Russell—somewhat as in the case of Kafka. It is easy to identify the abstraction of art with that of science, and to equate both with aggression and subjectivism.

Russell himself considered the *Principia Mathematica*—written in collaboration with Whitehead and completed, after years of work, in 1913—his most valuable contribution to philosophy. Some decades later, he said that the reduction of mathematics to logic was a principle whose validity he had never had reason to doubt. Yet the fundamental concept is perhaps tautological or circular, as he himself puts it:

> Two equally numerous collections appear to have something in common: this something is supposed to be their cardinal number. But so long as the cardinal number is inferred from the collections, not constructed in terms of them, its existence must remain in doubt, unless in view of a metaphysical postulate *ad hoc*. By defining the cardinal number of a given collection as the class of all equally numerous collections, we avoid the necessity of this metaphysical postulate, and thereby remove a needless doubt from the philosophy of arithmetic.

Russell's reduction of mathematics to logic eliminates numbers in favor of classes. But this led to antinomies of logic similar to the one posed by Epimenides the Cretan, who said that all Cretans are liars. The result is what is known as Russell's theory of types, which asserts that the meaning of a "propositional function" is not specified until one specifies the range of objects which are candidates for satisfying it. Thus, for example, those candidates cannot meaningfully include anything which is defined in terms of the "function" itself.

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Russell's theory of descriptions is regarded by Ayer as expressing a growing sense of reality on Russell's part. The latter's early, essentially Platonic, view of denotation is that the meaning of a name is to be identified with the object which the name denotes, with the consequence that anything that could be mentioned was said by him to be a term. Ayer points out that "it followed that one could in principle use names to refer . . . to nonexistent things like the present Tsar of Russia, to mythological entities like the Cyclops, etc." Russell subsequently took the view that logical classes are fictions; before he did so he found himself unable to believe in the reality of possible things that were known not to exist, or in that of logically impossible entities.

The other difficulty leading to the theory of descriptions evolved from the position adopted by Russell in *The Principles of Mathematics*, to the effect that if, for example, denoting phrases like "the author of *Waverley*" function as names, and the meaning of a name is identical with the object it denotes, it follows that what is meant by saying that Scott was the author of *Waverley* is simply that Scott was Scott. Russell remarks that, when George IV wished to know whether Scott was the author of *Waverley*, he was not expressing an interest in the law of identity. Hence the theory of descriptions is designed to show that expressions which are classifiable as definite or indefinite descriptions are not used as names, since it is not necessary for them to denote anything in order to have a meaning; that is, they have no meaning in isolation.

Here as elsewhere, both in respect to questions of logic and of epistemology, Russell's difficulties and the antinomies to which they lead, result from arbitrary procedures of definition. (The sort of gibberish that may ensue is evident in the following argument by Russell, in *An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth*: "Naive realism leads to physics, and physics, if true, shows that naive realism is false. Therefore, naive realism, if true, is false; therefore it is false." Russell is also famous for having said: "What the physiologist sees when he examines a brain is in the physiologist, not in the brain he is examining.") Thus the problems responsible for the theory of descriptions express an arbitrary interpretation of the concept of denotation; that is, from the standpoint of denotation, Scott and "the author of *Waverley*" need not necessarily exemplify the law of identity. One is led to suppose that, despite Russell's empiricism and his secure place in the great tradition of English philosophy, his thinking reflects a Hegelian or Platonic belief in the inherent objectivity or universality of ideas —a characteristic fallacy of the logician, as he himself noted.

It is in respect to matters of this sort that the functional or contextual outlook of the pragmatists is a useful corrective. Indeed, Ayer remarks that the difficulties responsible for and resulting from the theory of types encouraged the view, "taken up enthusiastically by the Logical Positivists in the 1930s in their onslaught on metaphysics, that sentences to which there is no obvious objection on the score of grammar and vocabulary may nevertheless be meaningless." The practice of philosophical analysis and certain aspects of linguistic philosophy run parallel, in this sense, to the doctrines of pragmatism, and may reflect their influence.

Russell is a continuator of Locke in believing that our knowledge of the world is derived from sense perception, but that the things immediately known in sensation are not precisely identifiable with the physical objects which we ordinarily think we perceive. An element of inconsistency appears in Russell's belief in the causal theory of perception on the one hand, and, on the other, "in his wishing to avoid any suggestion that these sensory elements are mind-dependent." In Russell's later work, he speaks of the identification of perceptual and physical space as a "serious error committed not only by common sense but by many philosophers." He also says that the most that one can know about the intrinsic properties of objects is that they have a structural correspondence with certain of one's percepts. Ayer very cogently remarks that the "great difficulty with any theory of this kind is to see how we can be justified in inferring that any . . . external objects exist at all." The irony is that he appears to share Russell's Lockean belief in the validity of "scientific realism," with its implication of the objectivity of primary rather than secondary qualities—a belief in the exclusive objectivity of spatial attributes or extension, which tends, in the metaphysics of Santayana, for example, to erase the distinction between materialism and Cartesian rationalism.

It is easy to accuse Russell of applying the social equivalent of his logical atomism to his theory of personal freedom and progress; that is, his social views seem to lack a sense of the organic dimension of society and culture that we associate with continental philosophy, and with Englishmen like D. H. Lawrence who were influenced by it. Russell's endorsement of Syndicalism, however, and the ideological uses to which this doctrine has been put, suggest that the accusation may not be entirely just.

The confrontation or conjunction of Ayer and Russell is a notable event and has produced a remarkable book—brilliantly argued and written. In one sense Ayer—a logical positivist—is the critic best qualified to deal with the ineradicable metaphysical elements in Russell's position. On the other hand, the indefinite multiplicity of possible approaches to the problem of knowledge tends to confirm a major thesis of existentialism: the absurdity of any purely intellectual commitment. At all events, Russell emerges as a figure reminiscent of Bernard Shaw, partly in virtue of Russell's socialism and iconoclasm—his popular reputation as a devil's advocate—but also because of his paradoxical moralism and the exaggerated tenor of his opinions. In particular Russell, like Shaw, seemed acutely aware of the intimate association of conventional morality and sadism. □

A New Earth and New Heaven

DIVINE RIGHT'S TRIP. By Gurney Norman. *The Dial Press. 302 pp. $7.95. Paper (Bantam Books) $1.25.*

JERRY GRISWOLD
Mr. Griswold teaches English at the University of Connecticut. He is the editor of minding the store, *usually described as Connecticut's* Whole Earth Catalog.

Bantam Books makes a point on its cover of letting the reader know that its paperback edition of Gurney Norman's novel appeared originally in the pages of *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*. If that imprimatur is not enough, on the back is a quote from Ed McClanahan's review of the catalog that appeared in *Rolling Stone*, and reads in part: "Gurney Norman wasn't merely being droll when he subtitled *Divine Right's Trip* 'Our Story Thus Far.' . . . Divine Right Davenport is *our* hero, our Odysseus, our Jason, our Beowulf, our Boone; and his quest for identity, his Wholeness, is our quest, his struggle our struggle, his triumph ours, too." And the novel is just that. Divine Right's ontogeny, in the classic sense of the "folk tale" Norman insists that it is, recapitulates the phylogeny of the counter-culture.

The hero of the folk tale is D. R. Davenport. In one way "D.R." stands for Divine Right in an echo of Stewart

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Brand's proclamation in the *Whole Earth Catalog*: "We are as gods and might as well get good at it"; but in another way, in the disintegrating manner of the schizo, "D.R." stands for David Ray, the murky half of our hero's bifurcated mind. D.R. is a 21-year-old dope dealer from the West Coast whose mind is fragmenting Humpty-Dumpty fashion when he first appears in the novel behind the wheel of his gaily painted VW bus (shades of Ken Kesey and the Pranksters) with his girl friend Estelle. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," says the Bible in the opening quote for the book.

While all the other parties in the novel are heading west like lemmings to the California earthquake, while the whole movement of the counter-culture is on a western glissando from Woodstock to Altamont, D.R. rides east in an upside-down version of the Turner thesis on the shock waves of a disintegrating mind and a disintegrating counter-culture—the eastward and destructive patterns of *Easy Rider* and *Alice's Restaurant*.

One of the first characters he meets, and D.R. seems to attract them like a drowning man at a lifeguard convention, is The Lone Outdoorsman. This rugged offspring of Indian-fighting stock is in his own way an epic hero as funny as Natty Bumppo. He has a trail bike to ferry him from his campsite to the rest room, an AR-15 rifle and .357 magnum pistol to complement his ever vigilant preparedness for "Trouble," and a complete GMC camper to provide the 20th-century version of self-reliance. When he spies Estelle and D.R. making love on top of a rock he suppresses his desire to riddle their bodies with bullets for the more humane idea of inviting them to dinner and winning their hearts and minds. After all, hasn't he fought the war to win the peace? After a hilarious dinner with D.R. and Estelle, at which the Lone Outdoorsman wears his cowboy clothing and watches the television program, *Westward, Westward,* Norman reveals in his tricky way the Outdoorsman's name: William F. Dixon (Richard M. Duckley?).

Further east, D.R. and Estelle pick up the hitchhiking Greek whose theosophical lore and penchant for nonstop monologues make him sound like Neal Cassady with a case of Buddhistic rabies. What the Greek pours into D.R.'s now acid-shattered cranium is "the mucous conspiracy" which is being perpetrated by the Food and Drug Administration. The Greek is on his way to the library of the University of Oklahoma in Norman to destroy his autobiography, the last vestige of his ego, which has been secreted Brautigan-fashion *(The Abortion)*

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amongst all the M.A. theses. The Greek, like D.R., suffers from a fragmenting mind and desires the final immolation of his problem in Nirvana. As he leaves, he shouts to D.R. and Estelle that he wants the California earthquake "Because once I went down with it I wouldn't have to think about how scattered were the fragments of my life, and mind."

All along D.R. has been meaning to visit his friend Eddie in St. Louis. Instead he arrives in time for his friend's wake—Eddie has been shot in the dope wars. The wake is a Walpurgisnacht for D.R., and he is reduced to a stuttering ninny. While televisions cackle Billy Graham and *The Dating Game*, Eddie's dope-dealing friends offer D.R. a Whitman Sampler of psychedelics, and he casts all the bummers of the *I-Ching*: Stagnation, Adversity, Weariness, the Estranged, Decay, the Abysmal and the Abyss.

Back in the bus, as if things couldn't get worse, Estelle and D.R. have a fight which erodes D.R.'s attempts at mental balance. When they arrive in Cincinnati, D.R. deposits Estelle at the bus terminal, and goes out to visit his sister Marcella and family. D.R. finds Marcella's husband Doyle a changed man—he has got religion. Doyle relates that he too once felt that he was going crazy but, like a latter-day Jesus-freak or Kesey's Joe Ben, he has found solace in down-home fundamentalism.

That D.R. should run into so many people in the same fragmented condition—each with his own solution—appears coincidental but it is not. The idea that gives structure to the novel is "synchronicity," that principle of the meaningful coexistence of particulars that underlies the *I-Ching* and that Tom Wolfe found in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* informs much of the Prankster tradition out of which Norman writes. Every occasion, Wolfe declares, provides an opportunity for an allegory. This is, finally, the method of the *Whole Earth Catalog*: to let every description of a tool serve also as a parable.

When, for example, D.R. watches a Saturday morning cartoon show with his nephew, he is exposed to an allegory that he will soon unravel: Johnny Hero with the help of Spider Woman enters the cave of the dragon but from this point on, Spider Woman explains, he must proceed by himself. Sure enough, when he returns to the terminal, Estelle has left him and D.R., like St. George, must fight the dragon himself. The dragon Divine Right must fight is David Ray.

It is not a coincidence, then, that God speaks through Mrs. Godsey in a telephone message, telling D.R. that his Uncle Emmit is dying at the home place. He leaves immediately for Kentucky, the mythic land of Daniel Boone, now scarred by strip mining and mourned by the poet Wendell Berry.

In Kentucky D.R. comes to grips with the dragon, and, in the tradition outlined by Joseph Campbell's *The Hero of a Thousand Faces*, he is assisted by a Helper. When his bus breaks down, D.R. is pointedly aided by a miner who mistakenly but prophetically calls D.R. by his mother's maiden name: Collier. At this point the hero's mind is at the highest pitch of disorder and he is pursued into a mine shaft by his hallucinated double. In that cave, Divine Right triumphs in a struggle over David Ray and emerges a new man.

It is a much calmer hero that enters Mrs. Godsey's store as she sorts mail for: Wendell Hall, Barry Berry, Mr. McClanahan and Stewart Kesey. Mrs. Godsey preaches trust in God as she sips her R.C. (cola, not the church) and helps D.R. on his way to tend the dying Emmit. It is the combined exigencies of Emmit's passing to the land of "the honey pond and the fritter tree" which put D.R. to work and begin to clear away his stupor.

In the epilogue, D.R. and Estelle marry. The wedding party consists of Kentucky residents as well as people recognizable as Pranksters and the staff of the *Whole Earth Catalog*. When one of the young girls speaks of her desire for natural birth, a mountain woman says, why she has always depended on a nanny. Ginseng, the organic medicinal tea of the hip? Known for years in the hills as 'sang. Communal, nonnuclear living? Just all the kin living on the farm. The marriage comes to mean the wedding of hillbillies and hippies, folks and freaks, after the fashion of the *Whole Earth Catalog* and the back-to-the-land movement. The ceremony itself is holistic, with readings from the Bible ("A double-minded man . . .") and the *Book of Tao* ("The surest test if man be sane is if he accepts life whole, as it is"). The wedding and the book conclude appropriately with D.R. dressed as Daniel Boone listening to the last hexagram of the *I-Ching*: "The transition from the old to the new time is already accomplished. In principle, everything

OISEAU TRISTE

They don't come for his sake
but to stare at something extraordinary,
a species exotic and rare.
Perhaps they wish secretly to possess
the flaming color of his breast, his wings,
or to be able to make others feel
as sad as they feel when he sings.

As for the bird, when he was first
put in his ample cage and people came
and stood behind the bars,
he trilled to be recognized as
nature's marvel that he was.
Huts and lakes and fields had not
responded to him with eyes

as did the faces stunned by
his throat and feathery moves.
He had never pleased like that
and sang for a while as he had
those times when he lifted his wings
and was about to fly beyond huts, beyond lakes
out of sight, into space.

But this, when now he tries, he cannot do.
And breaks into song not as at first
but sadly, knowing this is so.
Still they come, some whistling to him.
Can they not tell the change in his eyes?
For he now stares at them—coldly,
not with hatred, not with rage—
watching them in their own cage.

Arthur Gregor

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stands schematized, and it is only in regard to details that success is still to be achieved."

D.R. is a folk hero and Gurney Norman's novel is a folk tale since it mythologically sums up the history of the counter-culture in the seventies: set upon by Dixon; enticed by the prospect of obliteration—the Greek's Nirvana; bottoming out when the head turns hood, mixing up drugs with crime; finding Doyle's Jesus may be the answer for some but not all; and finally coming to the position that it is only through hard work that the land of America is going to be reclaimed from the disasters of physical and spiritual strip mining. This is a fine story, our story. □

A Farewell to Renunciations

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. *By Margaret Drabble. Alfred A. Knopf. 369 pp. $6.95.*

ELLEN CRONAN ROSE

Mrs. Rose wrote a weekly column for the Brattleboro (Vt.) Daily Reformer *during a four-year period. She is a graduate student of literature at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst.*

Simon Camish meets Rose Vassiliou at a party. She is divorced, but her husband Christopher has just reopened custody proceedings for their three children. Learning that Simon is a lawyer, she asks him for his advice, and so the story begins.

Ten years earlier, Rose Bryanston was the heiress of a wealthy industrialist. Defying her parents, she married a Greek Cypriot Teddy boy and was disinherited. A few years later, when a legacy of £30,000 from her grandfather came due, she signed it away to charity. Renouncing wealth, she has chosen to live in a squalid North London suburb, in a badly built house furnished with frayed carpets and crocheted tea cozies. She sends her children to the neighborhood state school.

On the ground that she is willfully denying their children material and educational advantages, Christopher, now wealthy, is suing for custody. Although Simon assures Rose that the court almost never takes children from their mother, it looks for a while as though Christopher may win his case. Then, inexplicably, Christopher, who has taken the children for the weekend as he customarily does, sends Rose a telegram saying he has abducted them. An injunction is served, he loses the custody case, the children are safely Rose's.

At the victorious moment, Rose—unnecessarily, it seems, to all her friends—takes Christopher back. The novel ends; what point has it all had? Is the world right? Is Rose a crank, eccentric if not actually mad? Or is Simon right in attaching a symbolic virtue to her systematic self-deprivations?

In a short story that Margaret Drabble published in 1967, a young woman looks yearningly through an uncurtained window at two women and five children decorating a Christmas tree. For her that messy, colorful, chaotic scene is a glimpse of vibrant reality. But although she might knock and enter the room—and life—she "turned away . . . as Wordsworth turned from his life to his keener recollections, and Yeats to lions and towers and hawks." She is Simon's harbinger.

He too values what he perceives in Rose, indeed wants somehow to possess it, but only as an artifact. When he first meets her, he slips almost immediately from accurate observation to iconography: "She looked, because of age and softness, authentic, as ancient frescoes look in churches, frescoes which in their very dimness offer a promise of truth that a more brilliant (however beautiful) restoration denies." He sees only what will confirm his image, ignoring the real Rose who is, she insists, "an ordinary person." That very ordinariness is suffused for Simon with Wordsworthian glamour:

> There was a hymn they had sung at school, it came back to him often, it said, The grass is softer to my tread, because it rests unnumbered feet, sweeter to me the wild rose red, because she makes the whole world sweet: and so it was, that was precisely so, as Rose had always known. And Rose's own rejections—her stumbling, her pallor, her renunciations, her Vinyl sandals—they appeared to him as the human, as the lovely, as the loving, as the stuff of life itself.

The stuff of life, but not a living person. Rose is "an everlasting flower, never to open, never to die, a witness, a signal, a heroic pledge." For Simon, she is the possibility of virtue.

Thus he is terrified by her reconciliation with Christopher. He is not jealous in any ordinary sexual sense, but he is afraid that Rose will be false to his ideal image of her, that her return to Christopher signals a capitulation to middle-class values:

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> He needed her, he needed her more than ever. He watched her clothes, to see if she would spend money on herself. He watched her hair, to see if she would have it done, at three guineas a time. He watched her face, and the lines of it, to see if she would betray him.

Simon, finally, is incapable of interpreting Rose's experience for us. Only Rose, and we with her, can make sense of her ending, by confronting her past.

Rose was reared by a servant named Noreen, "who used to nag me endlessly about the family's money and my father's wickedness in being so rich . . . and I just used to listen and take it." For Rose, renouncing wealth was a way of avoiding sin; as she herself says, "better to do no very evident good than to do harm." Rose "wills" herself to become "innocuous"; her threadbare carpet and tatty clothes are the rods and cubits which measure her salvation. But her renunciations do not save her. Instead they make her a pharisaical prig who finds "some inexplicable grace, in living so."

Eventually, worn down by Christopher's legal demands and the effort of constructing a defense of her bizarre way of living, she announces to Simon that she will simply give the children to

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Christopher. This is her crisis. And in a remarkable inner debate, Rose the realist conquers Rose the neurotic mystic:

> You realize, of course, what you've done, said Rose, mother of three children, to that unpleasant martyr. . . . You've simply constructed for yourself the most horrible renunciation your mind can conceive. That's all you've done. It's silly, it's pointless.

After such a confrontation, there can be no retreat. Rose takes Christopher back, turns from her state of quasi-grace toward a messy reality of domestic bickering, confused loyalties and mixed priorities. It is not a simple decision, and it is not a simple moral issue. She can acknowledge "it had been narrow, her conception of grace, it had been solitary, it had admitted no others, it had been without community." But she is candid enough to admit that "that made its loss no less real to her." The true measure of her moral achievement is that she can watch as "heaven (where only those with souls may enter) was taken from her, as its bright gleams faded," and then step resolutely out into the light of common day.

In 1966 Margaret Drabble wrote a monograph on Wordsworth, and his poetry reverberates throughout her work. My understanding of *The Needle's Eye* was immeasurably deepened when I reread the "Immortality Ode." There is the germ of the novel, there the source not only of the heroine's name ("The Rainbow comes and goes,/ And lovely is the Rose") but of her painful journey from dream to reality.

One of Rose's stations of the cross is the outing on which she goes with Simon, Christopher and her children to a beach near her family's home in Norfolk. It is, in embryo, the life she will eventually take up with Christopher and the children—no idyll but a fully, confusedly human muddle of excitement, exhaustion, sand in the sandwiches and wailing 6-year-olds.

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

If this is irony, it is operating at a level of high seriousness.

And what is Rose's final vision but a 20th-century prose version of Wordsworth's resignation? He sings a paean to common man:

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

And Rose, that hedgerow blossom, can look at a broken statue on the porch of the Alexandra Palace, home of dog shows and the ITV, and exclaim:

> What a mess, what a terrible mess. She looked back at it. It was comic, dreadful, grotesque. A fun palace of yellow brick. She liked it. She liked it very much. She liked the lion. She lay her hand on it. It was gritty and cold, a beast of the people. Mass-produced it had been, but it had weathered into identity. And this, she hoped, for every human soul. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

On its own terms, Marcel Ophuls' *A Sense of Loss* is a splendid achievement; a record, both severe and compassionate, of the pains and passions that now beset Northern Ireland. By comparison with *The Sorrow and the Pity*, it is something of a comedown. The comparison is inevitable, since the later film follows so close upon its predecessor and since Ophuls uses the same technique—extensive and searching interviews presented without background comment, but edited and interwoven to give the picture pace and a point of view—for both works. But I think one should wait some time, even some years, before attempting a final appraisal of *A Sense of Loss*.

Some nights ago, Ophuls was at Cooper Union, discussing with a lively audience documentary film making in general and his own approach to it in particular. As to the latter, he said that he did not see himself as a historian but rather as an artist (in point of fact, he called himself an entertainer), offering reflections along a course parallel with history. It would follow, then, that the more one knew about the events under consideration, the more richly one would be rewarded by Ophuls' subjective response to them.

For such work, Clermont-Ferrand thirty years after the Nazi occupation was probably, at the moment Ophuls thought of it, a unique opportunity. At least, I can think of no place else today where one could find a considerable number of men and women able to recall what they believed and how they acted during a remote period of great turmoil and danger, and willing to say what judgment they now place on those beliefs and actions. *The Sorrow and the Pity* itself makes no judgments, and it leaves a good many questions hanging. But they are enigmas of the class one expects in a work of art—matters having to do with the springs of human behavior, about which one must customarily reach his own conclusion.

The circumstances of *A Sense of Loss* were very different and much more common in this age of the unblinking camera eye. Belfast was where the action was, an opportunity for melodramatic reporting, but less promising for someone in search of the spirit of a time. People do not reflect to the best advantage in the teeth of a gale. Yet Ophuls held to his method. He records the violence, but not as his reason for being there; rather as background and illustration for what his subjects confide to him. And now of course they are not judging old actions but passionately espousing present convictions. They are not remembering sorrow; they are feeling pain. They do not mull over what they have come to know; they are flailing their way toward what they are determined shall happen. Back in Clermont-Ferrand the citizens were working with Ophuls; here in Belfast they are working on him.

The first impression one gets from *A Sense of Loss* is of confusion and con-

THE WAY

Each morning
The past is that much longer,
All our mistakes recorded
On yet another page.
This is the book the burdened heart cannot unlearn.

And the future
With its somber promises
And bright betrayals
Inscrutably beckoning.
We move toward it, the way no briefer than before.

Daniel Hoffman

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tradiction, as though Ophuls could gain no perspective on a people who themselves have no perspective on their situation. Artistically, it might have been better to wait thirty years and talk to the survivors. But Ophuls is not only an artist; he is also a working movie maker (in show business, as he says) and must seize the best opportunities he can find.

It may be also that he trusts his craft to lift *A Sense of Loss* when the time comes. Once the terror and suffering of Northern Ireland have been assimilated into coherent history, these spokesmen for justice and repression, these activists and victims, determined leaders and bemused followers may well compose into a graspable pattern of parallel commentary. We shall know then what the IRA accomplished, and the personalities and aspirations of its two warring war staffs will throw light on its ultimate influence. The fate of Ian Paisley will be on record, to be made more credible, perhaps, by the terrifying spectacle of his great square mouth, speaking in tongues from the high pulpit. Bernadette Devlin, sitting cross-legged on the beach and squinting into the sun, is an appealing and disturbing figure. She cares so deeply and knows so little; she is perhaps not only the heroine but the symbol of her people.

It may be difficult, by the time the history is assembled, to credit the degree of savagery that accompanied what was essentially an economic struggle in a conspicuously Christian country. In that case, the face and voice of a Protestant printer, whose mother had died in a fire set by his enemies and who defends the marching songs of hate that pour from his press by asserting that they celebrate the truth, will make the horror believable. And if his presence is not enough for the purpose, the rigid control and venomous phrases of William Craig, spokesman for and inciter of the Orange forces, should drive the point home.

And it will be relevant then to note that in the bereaved Catholic families the women mourn their lost husbands and children, but do not curse the cause. They say, "Why did it happen to me?"; not, "Why should it happen at all?" In time to come, that distinction may be seen as a key to the intractability of this woeful conflict.

A film is not a wine or a cheese, and it may seem dubious praise to insist that it will be great when it ages. Nor would I advise abstaining from *A Sense of Loss* until time has done its work. We live in the present and must use what help we can get now to understand it. Ophuls' film conveys one observation instantly, and it is not a happy one—Northern Ireland is in the grip of a fever that besets both sides in equal degree, and until it abates, reason, moderation, compassion, compromise and Christianity will not prevail. The problems are not insoluble, but for the moment they are made so because present remedies are powerless against ancient grievances and inherited fears. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

I notice that this column has been given lately more to museums, than to galleries, more to artists' co-ops, women's art, murals and other extensions of the distribution system. Since a new season is beginning, it is perhaps time to see what commercial galleries are showing. To chronicle style shifts, the resolution of aesthetic problems, or the perpetuation of bad habits, is an essential part of a critic's concern and the succession of one-man shows provides the opportunity.

Sidney Janis, who has had lawsuits with Louise Nevelson and Betty Parsons, is exhibiting new work by Willem de Kooning (until November 4), as the result of another suit. The show is in settlement of a claim by Janis that de Kooning sold paintings outside the gallery in 1965 without giving him his dealer's commission. To be seen are paintings and pastels since 1970 and, a new venture, bronzes. The sculpture is an awkward compound of human contour and the material of which it is made: the bronze heaves like extrusions of molten rock. The figures look half human rather than cogent transformations of the human image—like the Creature from the Black Lagoon or Wilhelm Busch victims.

This uneasy relation of the image in the work and the work as an object is typical of de Kooning. He has always veered between abstraction and figuration, but his abstraction is never very abstract and his figuration is usually pretty generalized. The result, if you like it, is an "open" art, of endless possibilities; if you don't like it, the result is indecisive and amorphous, a style in which material and image inhibit and corrode one another rather than collide and make sparks. Changes of mind come on as "ambiguity" and postponed decisions masquerade as existential doubt. De Kooning has become a middle-of-the-road painter in whose work the different components mitigate one another. The ease and coherence of his paintings of 1947-49 or the ambition of 1949-53 are nowhere evident. What we see instead is a major Abstract Expressionist who is content to turn out scads of small bright pictures. It's a dealer's dream: no wonder Janis took him to court.

Jack Youngerman's new show (Pace Gallery, until October 21) reveals an odd twist in his development. He has lifted the bright, incisive, often floral emblems out of his paintings and turned them into shaped canvases. Instead of "events within the rectangle," to quote the artist, the image itself has become the whole thing, all there is. It is a disastrous act of simplification. The interaction between the rectangular field and the contained shape, the interplay of fig-

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ure and field, provided a necessary visual complexity. Now there is only the deep-sided cut-out shape which takes on a spurious vitality when splayed on the wall.

Youngerman has always prided himself on being a *painter*, resistant to the pressures of novelty and style change, and yet now he has decided to expatiate on his formality. In fact, his ingrained painterly habits vitiate the requirements of the new mode. Since he has moved into semi-relief, his conspicuous contouring, sliced and swooping, leads one to expect a tight, firm surface. Instead, irregular brush strokes, in various directions, ruffle the canvas: some follow the perimeter, others are muddled together in the centered color areas. This is not a preservation of his painterly talent but a failure to adjust it to a half-thought-out development. The shapes he is using are absolutely his own, possessed in his preceding works, but their translation into three dimensions is merely an act of desolate ingenuity.

Larry Poons (Rubin Gallery, until October 17) is having developmental trouble, like other artists who were strong very early. After a period in which he painted subtle pictures with a neutral paint skin, populated by small, hovering discs of color, he flopped to an antithetical mode of heaped-up and inchoate material, characterized more by the fissures of drying than by the hand in placing. His new work is uniformly ridged, but the general effect is placid because it is conventionally composed. (The word *composition* used to be unusable in relation to American Abstract art.) Poons's fields of earthy color with a pinkish or *eau-de-Nile* cast, relax at the corners, fade at the edges, or are held in place by tonal gradients. He seems able to trust neither the repetition of small forms, as in his early work, nor the density of unaided color. His failure either to extend synonymous forms or develop a way of using color without traditional supports damages the logic of the paintings. The final effect is of a perfunctory ordering, a false resolution, which actually distorts the modes of order that are potential in large fields of color.

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QUESTIONS

If words
could get up
and walk away
from the page,
would they
in their blackness
find a shape?
and you, my dear page,
in your emptiness
would you sing

G. S. Sharat Chandra

The accidental conjunction of these three shows suggests a common pattern. They are all the work of professional artists, securely established for respectable periods of time: de Kooning since the late 1940s, Youngerman since the late 1950s, and Poons since the early 1960s. Despite their evident command, they seem unable to develop undiverted, unable to carry their early work on without digression or waning. There is no reason, of course, why an artist's early work should set the limits within which he must work forever: conversion, revulsion against earlier work, is a perfectly sound developmental route, but that is not what has happened to these three artists. They have neither developed their initial work with an authenticity that drives out all alternatives, nor have they invented other ways of working that are innovative.

It is a temptation to explain disappointments and failures like these by recourse to large causes. For example, can we blame the exhibiting system for forcing artists to show their work regularly and to be consistently entertaining? In my view the demand of the system may reveal weaknesses but does not induce them. Consider the number of artists since the Impressionists who have been supported by the gallery system, and supported it without damage to themselves. Or there is the ever popular millennial theory which in this case is that the art of painting is approaching its end, replaced by the movies or Conceptual art or something, and that the obsolescence of the channel is what besets painters in trouble. This is a consoling argument to the artists involved as it sets their difficulties into a context of deterministic forces. However, a less grandiose description might be sufficient. I see de Kooning as an artist whose cumulative work is less than the parts of it; Youngerman as a conservative who has lost confidence in the soundness of his position; and Poons as an early starter, nervous at no longer being the youngest hot painter around. It seems likely that these soft spots are only individual problems. □

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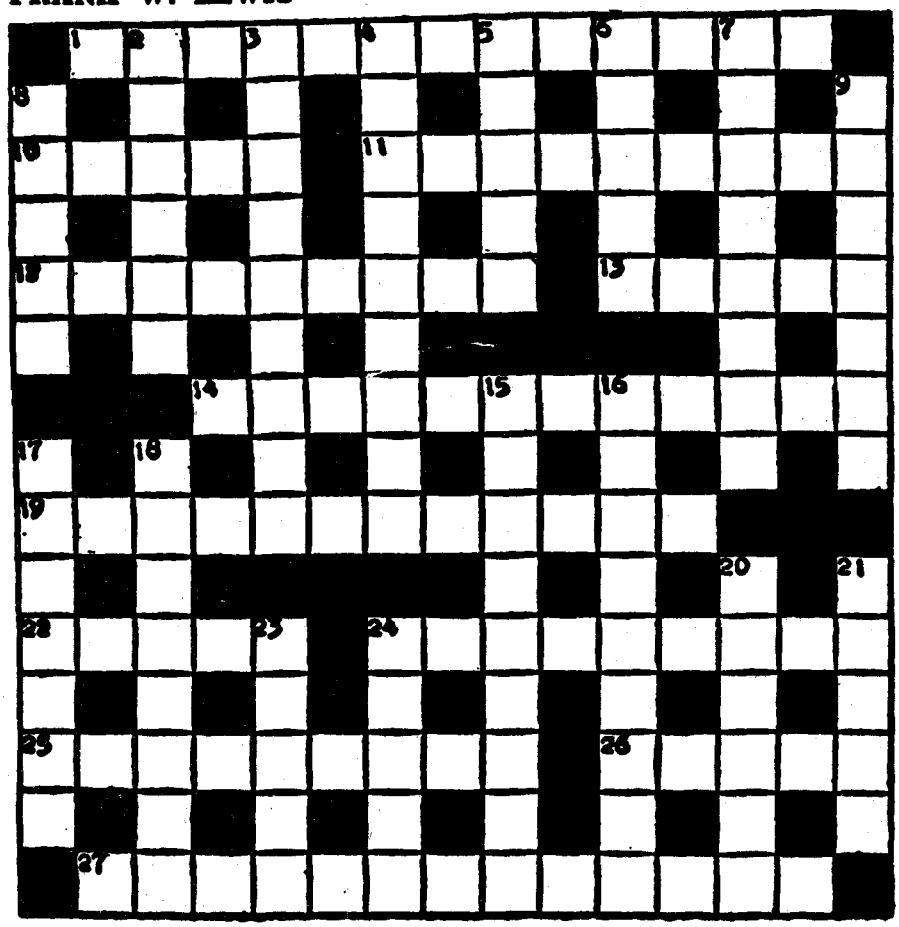
Crossword Puzzle No. 1460

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 An amusing spectacle for some, saw you and me in Rome. (6,7)
10 Possibly a leg ring, in a place of neglect. (5)
11 A well-known bridge position finally at agreement. (9)
12 Sometimes found in the basement, they make a great mess! (3,6)
13 If this country were found as at first, it would be much older. (5)
14 They liked their roses red. (12)
19 How to come out ahead with a tortoise-like run, appreciated by those knowing their art. (7,5)
22 Proving Smith-Robinson always gets beat. (5)
24 Does it take its turn in serving? (4,5)
25 A very small weapon, used for a signal. (6,3)
26 On your toes! (5)
27 Sounds like a smooth ocean voyage, but it leads to other than a good meeting point for those who travel by car and train. (5,8)

DOWN

2 Definitely not out least! (6)
3 One at home could still be safe, though! (5,4)
4 Brahma, possibly—though many are said to have one. (6,3)
5 She certainly behaved far from lamb-like! (5)
6 Their function as a matter of course is not so pressing as otherwise. (5)
7 A ship often gets this suggestion of a tunnel. (5,3)
8 Possibly damaging both to machines and to the plant itself. (5)
9 Did people dance to his tune at USSR's revolution? (7)
15 With emphasis on composition at times? (9)
16 Is the star so exploded to control the power? (9)
17 One doesn't do it faithfully. (3-4)
18 Some make a grand one to be completely charming. (8)
20 Back like a bird? (6)
21 They can be made fast, in more than one way! (5)
23 This lonesome hill sounds like a humdinger! (5)
24 It certainly ought to make sense, with the record reaching less than a hundred. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1459

ACROSS: 1 All-Americans; 9 Astringent; 10 Ache; 11 Angelina; 12 Aiming; 13 Ostia; 15, 18 and 24 The Great Chicago Fire; 16 Geodetic; 19 Steam; 21 Egoism; 22 Impetigo; 25 Track Stars; 26 Part of speech. DOWN: 2 Losing one's grip; 3 Air vent; 4 Ennui; 5 Inexact; 6 Anteaters; 7 Stammer; 8 Phantasmagoric; 14 Altimeter; 17 Drive up; 20 Entitle; 23 Pokes.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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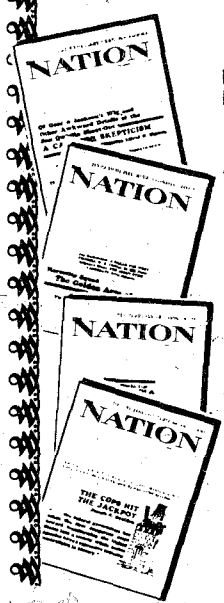

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